LOVES
ABOUT
1051
2ND
EDIT.
WM.
SHAKESP.
1631

Johannes Patricius
Drichton Stuart
Marchio Bothæ.

House of Falkland.

Loues Labours loſt.

A WITTIE AND PLEASANT COMEDIE,

As it was Acted by his Maieſties Seruants at *the* Blacke-Friers *and the* Globe.

Written

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

AB. 2. Dit. 4th

LONDON,

Printed by *W.S.* for *Iohn Smethwicke*, and are to be ſold at his Shop in Sainr *Dunſtones* Church-yard vnder the Diall.

1631.

Loues Labour's lost.

Actus Primus.

Enter Ferdinand King of Nauarre, Berowne, Longauill, and Dumane.

Ferdinand.

LEt *Fame*, that all hunt after in their liues,
Liue regiſtred vpon our brazen Tombes,
And then grace vs in the diſgrace of death:
When ſpight of cormorant deuouring Time,
Th'endeuour of this preſent breath may buy:
That honour which ſhall bate his ſythes keene edge,
And make vs heyres of all eternitie.
Therefore braue conquerors, for ſo you are,
That warre againſt your owne affections,
And the huge Armie of the worlds deſires.
Our late edict ſhall ſtrongly ſtand in force,
Nauar ſhall be the wonder of the world.
Our Court ſhall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplatiue in liuing Art.
You three, *Berowne*, *Dumaine*, and *Longauill*,
Haue ſworne for three yeeres terme, to liue with me:
My fellow ſcholers, and to keepe thoſe ſtatutes
That are recorded in this ſcedule heere.
Your oathes are paſt, and now ſubſcribe your names
That his owne hand may ſtrike his honour downe,
That violates the ſmalleſt branch herein:
If you are arm'd to doe, as ſworne to doe,
Subſcribe to your deepe oathes, and keepe it to.

Longauill. I am reſolu'd, 'tis but a three yeeres faſt:
The minde ſhall banquet, though the body pine,
Fat paunches haue leane pates: and daintie bits
Make rich the ribs, but banquerout the wits.
Dumane. My louing Lord, *Dumane* is mortified,
The groſſer manner of theſe worlds delighes,
He throwes vpon the groſſe worlds baſer ſlaues:
To loue, to wealth, to pompe I pine and die,
With all theſe liuing in Philoſophie.
Berowne. I can but ſay their proteſtation ouer,
So much, deere Liege, I haue already ſworne,
That is, to liue and ſtudy heere three yeeres.
But there are other ſtrict obſeruances:
As not to ſee a woman in that terme,
Which I hope well is not enrolled there:
And one day in a weeke to touch no food:
And but one meale on euery day beſide:
The which I hope is not enrolled there.
And then to ſleepe but three houres in the night,
And not be ſeene to winke of all the day.
When I was wont to thinke no harme all night,
And make a darke night too of halfe the day:
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
O, theſe are barren taskes. too hard to keepe,
Not to ſee Ladyes, ſtudy, faſt, not ſleepe.
Ferd. Your oath is paſt, to paſſe away from theſe.
Berow. Let me ſay no my Liedge, and if you pleaſe,
I onely ſwore to ſtudy with your grace,
And ſtay heere in your Court for three yeeres ſpace.
Longa. You ſwore to that *Berowne*, and to the reſt.
Berow. By yea and nay ſir, then I ſwore in ieſt.
What is the end of ſtudy, let me know?
Fer. Why that to know which elſe we ſhould not know.
Ber. Things hid & bard (you meane) from common ſenſe.
Ferd. I, that is ſtudies god-like recompence.
Bero. Come on then, I will ſweare to ſtudy, ſo,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus, to ſtudy where I well may dine,
When I too faſt expreſſely am forbid.

Or ſtudy where to meete ſome Miſtreſſe fine,
When Miſtreſſes from common ſenſe are hid.
Or hauing ſworne too hard a keeping oath,
Studie to breake it, and not breake my troth.
If ſtudies gaine be thus, and this be ſoe,
Studie knowes that which yet it doth not know,
Sweare me to this, and I will nee're ſay no.
Ferd. Theſe be the ſtops that hinder ſtudie quite,
And traine our intellects to vaine delight.
Ber. Why? all delights are vaine, and that moſt vaine
Which with paine purchas'd, doth inherit paine,
As painefully to poare vpon a Booke,
To ſeeke the light of truth, while truth the while
Doth falſely blinde the eye-ſight of his looke:
Light ſeeking light, doth light of light beguile.
So ere you finde where light in darkeneſſe lies,
Your light growes darke by looſing of your eyes.
Studie me how to pleaſe the eye indeede,
By fixing it vpon a fairer eye,
Who dazling ſo, that eye ſhall be his heed,
And giue him light that it was blinded by,
Studie is like the heauens glorious Sunne,
That will not be deepe ſearch'd with ſawcy lookes:
Small haue continuall plodders euer wonne,
Saue baſe authority from others Bookes.
Theſe Earthly Godfathers of heauens lights,
That giue a name to euery fixed Starre,
Haue no more profit of their ſhining nights,
Then theſe that walke and wot not what they are,
Too much to know, is to know nought but fame:
And euery Godfather can giue a name.
Fer. How well hee's read, to reaſon againſt reading.
Dum. Proceeded well, to ſtop all good proceeding.
Lon. Hee weedes the corne, and ſtill lets grow the weeding.
Ber. The ſpring is neare when greene geeſſe are abreeding.
Dum. How follows that?
Ber. Fit in his place and time.
Dum. In reaſon nothing.
Ber. Something then in rime.

Ferd. Berowne is like an enuious sneaping Frost,
That bites the first berne Infants of the Spring.
Ber. Well, say I am, why should proud Summer boast,
Before the birds haue any cause to sing?
Why should I ioy in any abortiue birth?
At Christmas I no more desire a rose,
Then with a Snow in Mayes new fangled showes:
But like of each thing that in season growes.
So you to studie now it is too late,
That were to clymbe ore the house to vnlocke the gate.
Fer. Well, sit you out, go home *Berowne*: adue.
Ber. No my good Lord, I haue sworne to stay with you:
And though I haue for Barbarisme spoke more,
Then for that Angell knowledge you can say,
Yet confident Ile keepe what I haue sworne,
And bide the penance of each three yeares daye.
Giue me the paper, let me reade the same,
And to the strictest decrees Ile write my name.
Fer. How well this yeelding rescues thee from shame.
Ber. Item. That no woman shall come within a mile of my Court.
Hath this beene proclaimed?
Lon. Foure dayes agoe.
Ber. Let's see the penaltie.
On paine of loosing her tongue.
Who deuis'd this penaltie?
Lon. Marry that did I.
Ber. Sweete Lord, and why?
Lon. To fright them hence with that dread penaltie,
A dangerous law against gentilitie.
Item, If any man be seene to talke with a woman within the tearme of three yeeres, he shall endure such publike shame, as the rest of the Court shall possibly deuise.
Ber. This Article my Liedge your selfe must breake,
For well you know here comes in Embassie
The *French* Kings daughter, with your selfe to speake:
A Maide of grace and compleate maiestie,
About surrender vp of *Aquitaine*:
To her decrepit, sicke, and bed-rid Father,

Therefore

Therefore this article is made in vaine,
Or vainely comes th'admired Princesse hither.
Fer. What say you Lords?
Why, this was quite forgot.
Ber. So studie euermore is ouershot,
While it doth study to haue what it would,
It doth forget to doe the thing it should:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won as townes with fire, so won, so lost.
Fer. Wee must of force dispence with this Decree,
She must lye here on meere necessity.
Ber. Necessity will make vs both forsworne.
Three thousand times within this three yeeres space:
For euery man with his affects is borne,
Not by might mastred, but by speciall grace.
If I breake faith, this word shall breake for me,
I am forsworne on meere necessitie.
So to the Lawes at large I write my name,
And he that breakes them in the least degree,
Stands in attainder of eternall shame.
Suggestions are to others as to mee:
But I beleeue although I seeme so loth,
I am the last that will last keepe his oth.
But is there no quicke recreation granted?
Fer. I that there is, our Court you know is haunted
With a refined trauailer of *Spaine*,
A man in all the worlds new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his braine:
One, who the Musicke of his owne vaine tongue,
Doth ravish like inchanting harmonie:
A man of complements whom right and wrong
Haue chose as vmpire of their mutinie.
This childe of fancie that *Armado* hight,
For interim to our studies shall relate.
In high-borne words the worth of many a Knight:
From tawny *Spaine* lost in the worlds debate.
How you delight my Lords I know not I,
But I protest I loue to heare him lie,
And I will vse him for my Minstrelsie.

Ber.

Ber. *Armado* is a moſt illuſtrious wight,
A man of fire, new words, faſhions owne Knight.
Lon. *Coſtard* the ſwaine and he, ſhall be our ſport,
And ſo to ſtudie, three yeeres is but ſhort.

Enter a Conſtable with Coſtard with a Letter.

Conſt. Which is the Dukes owne perſon?
Ber. This fellow, What would'ſt?
Con. I my ſelfe reprehend his owne perſon, for I am his graces Tharborough: but I would ſee his owne perſon in fleſh and blood.
Ber. This is he.
Con. Signeor *Arme*, *Arme* commends you:
There's villanie abroad, this letter will tell you more.
Clow. Sir the Contempts thereof are as touching mee.
Fer. A letter from the magnificent *Armado*.
Ber. How low ſoeuer the matter, I hope in God for high words.
Lon. A high hope for a low heauen, God grant vs patience.
Ber. To heare or forbeare hearing.
Lon. To heare meekely ſir, and to laugh moderately, or to forbeare both.
Ber. Well ſir, be it as the ſtile ſhall giue vs cauſe to clime in the merrineſſe.
Clow. The matter is to me ſir, as concerning *Iaquenetta*. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.
Ber. In what manner?
Clo. In manner and forme following ſir, all thoſe three. I was ſeene with her in the Mannor houſe, ſitting with her vpon the Forme, and taken following her into the Parke: which put together is in manner and forme following. Now ſir for the manner; it is the manner of a man to ſpeake to a woman, for the forme in ſome forme.
Ber. For the following ſir.
Clow. As it ſhall follow in my correction, and God defend the right.
Fer. Will you heare this Letter with attention?
Ber. As wee would heare an Oracle.

Clo. Such is the ſimplicitie of man to harken after the fleſh.

Ferdinan.

GReat Deputie, the Welkins Vicegerent, and ſole dominator of Nauar, *my ſoules earths God, and bodies foſtring patrone:*
Coſt. Not a word of *Coſtard* yet.
Ferd. *So it is.*
Coſt. It may be ſo: but if he ſay it is ſo, he is in telling true: but ſo.
Ferd. Peace.
Clow. Be to me, and euery man that dares not fight.
Ferd. No words,
Clow. Of other mens ſecrets I beſeech you.
Ferd. *So it is beſieged with ſable coloured melancholy, I did commend the blacke oppreſſing humour to the moſt wholeſome Phyſicke of thy health-giuing ayre: And as I am a Gentleman, betooke my ſelfe to walke: the time when? about the ſixt houre, when beaſts moſt graſe, birds beſt pecke, and men ſit downe to that nouriſhment which is called ſupper: ſo much for the time When. Now for the ground which? which I meane I walkt vpon, it is ycliped, Thy Parke. Then for the place where? where I meane I did encounter that obſcene and moſt prepoſterous euent that draweth from my ſnow-white pen the ebon coloured Inke, which heere thou vieweſt, beholdeſt, ſurueyeſt, or ſeeſt. But to the place where? It ſtandeth North North-eaſt and by Eaſt from the Weſt corner of thy curious knotted garden; there did I ſee that low ſpirited Swaine, that baſe Minow of thy myrth, (Clown.* Mee?*) that vnlettered ſmall knowing ſoule, (Clow.* Me?*) that ſhallow vaſſall (Clow.* Still mee?*) which as I remember, hight* Coſtard, *(Clow.* O me*) ſorted and conſorted contrary to thy eſtabliſhed proclaimed Edict and continent Cannon: Which with, ô with, but with this I paſſion to ſay wherewith:*
Clo. With a Wench.
Ferd. *With a childe of our Grandmother* Eue, *a female; or for thy more ſweete vnderſtanding a woman: him, I (as my euer eſteemed duty prickes me on) haue ſent to thee, to receiue the meed of puniſhment by thy ſweete Graces Officer* Anthony Dull, *a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, & eſtimation.*
Anth. Me, an't ſhall pleaſe you? I am *Anthony Dull.*
Ferd. For Iaquenetta *(ſo is the weaker veſſell called) which I*

apprehended with the aforesaid Swaine, I keepe her as a vessell of thy Lawes furie, and shall at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to triall. Thine in all complements of deuoted and hearts-burning heat of dutie.

Don Adriano de Armado.

Ber. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that euer I heard.

Fer. I the best for the worst. But sirra, What say you to this?

Clow. Sir I confesse the Wench.

Fer. Did you heare the Proclamation?

Clo. I doe confesse much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

Fer. It was proclaimed a yeeres imprisonment to be taken with a Wench.

Clow. I was taken with none sir, I was taken with a Damosell.

Fer. Well, it was proclaimed Damosell.

Clow. This was no Damosell neyther sir, she was a Virgin.

Fer. It is so varied too, for it was proclaimed Virgin.

Clow. If it were, I denie her Virginity: I was taken with a Maide.

Fer. This Maid shall not serue your turne sir.

Clow. This Maide will serue my turne sir.

Kin. Sir I will pronounce your sentence: You shall fast a Weeke with Branne and water.

Clow. I had rather pray a Moneth with Mutton & Porridge.

Kin. And *Don Armado* shall be your keeper.
My Lord *Berowne*, see him deliuer'd ore,
And goe we Lords to put in practice that,
Which each to other hath so strongly sworne.

Bero. Ile lay my head to any good mans hat,
These oathes and lawes will proue an idle scorne.
Sirra come on.

Clow. I suffer for the truth sir: for true it is, I was taken with *Iaquenetta*, & *Iaquenetta* is a true girle, and therefore welcome the sowre cup of prosperitie, affliction may one day smile againe, and vntill then sit downe sorrow. *Exit.*

Enter Armado and Moth his page.

Arma. Boy, What signe is it when a Man of great spirit growes melancholy?

Boy. A great signe sir, that he will looke sad.

Brag. Why? sadnesse is one and the selfe-same thing deare imp.

Boy. No no, O Lord sir no.

Brag. How canst thou part sadnesse and melancholy my tender *Iuuenall*?

Boy. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough signeur.

Brag. Why tough signeur? Why tough signeur?

Boy. Why tender *Iuuenall*? Why tender *Iuuenall*?

Brag. I spoke it tender *Iuuenall*, as a congruent apathaton, appertaining to thy yong daies, which we may nominate tender.

Boy. And I tough signeur, as an appertinent title to your olde time, which we may name tough.

Brag. Pretty and apt.

Boy. How meane you sir, I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying prettie?

Brag. Thou prettie because little.

Boy. Little pretty, because little: wherefore apt?

Brag. And therefore, because quicke.

Boy. Speake you this in my prayse Master?

Brag. In thy condigne praise.

Boy. I will praise an Eele with the same praise.

Brag. What? that an Eele is ingenuous.

Boy. That an Eele is quicke.

Brag. I doe say thou art quicke in answers. Thou heat'st my blood.

Boy. I am answer'd sir.

Brag. I loue not to be crost.

Boy. He speakes the meere contrary, crosses loue not him.

Br. I haue promis'd to study iij. yeeres with the Duke.

Boy. You may doe it in an houre sir.

Brag. Impossible.

Boy. How many is one thrice tolde?

Bra. I am ill at reckning, it fits the spirit of a Tapster.

Boy. You are a gentleman and a gamester sir.

Brag. I confesse both, they are both the varnish of a compleat man.

Boy. Then I am ſure you know how much the groſſe ſum of deuſ-ace amounts to.

Brag. It doth amount to one more then two.

Boy. Which the baſe vulgar call three.

Br. True. *Boy.* Why ſir is this ſuch a peece of ſtudy? Now heer's three ſtudied, ere you'll thrice wink, & how eaſie it is to put yeeres to the word three, and ſtudy three yeeres in two words the dancing horſe will tell you.

Brag. A moſt fine Figure.

Boy. To proue you a Cypher.

Brag. I will hereupon confeſſe I am in loue: and as it is baſe for a Souldier to loue; ſo am I in loue with a baſe Wench. If drawing my ſword againſt the humour of affection, would deliuer me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Deſire priſoner, and ranſome him to any French Courtier for a new deuis'd curtſie. I thinke ſcorne to ſigh, me thinks I ſhould out-ſweare *Cupid.* Comfort mee Boy, What great men haue beene in loue?

Boy. Hercules Maſter.

Brag. Moſt ſweet *Hercules*: more authoritie deere Boy, name more; and ſweet my childe let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Boy. Sampſon Maſter he was a man of good carriage, great carriage, for he carried the Towne-gates on his backe like a Porter: and he was in loue.

Brag. O well-knit *Sampſon*, ſtrong ioynted *Sampſon*; I doe excell thee in my rapier, as much as thou didſt mee in carrying gates. I am in loue too. Who was *Sampſons* loue my deare *Moth.*

Boy. A Woman Maſter.

Brag. Of what complexion?

Boy. Of all the foure, or the three, or the two, or one of the foure.

Brag. Tell mee preciſely of what complexion?

Boy. Of the ſea-water Greene ſir.

Brag. Is that one of the foure complexions?

Boy. As I haue read ſir, and the beſt of them too.

Brag. Greene indeed is the colour of Louers: but to haue a Loue of that colour, me thinkes *Sampſon* had ſmall reaſon for it. He ſurely affected her for her wit.

Boy.

Boy. It was ſo ſir, for ſhe had a greene wit.

Brag. My loue is moſt immaculate white and red.

Boy. Moſt immaculate thoughts Maſter, are maſk'd vnder ſuch colours.

Brag. Define, define, well educated infant.

Boy. My fathers witte, and my mothers tongue aſſiſt mee.

Brag. Sweet inuocation of a childe, moſt pretty and pathetical.

Boy. If ſhe be made of white and red,
Her faults will nere be knowne:
For bluſh-in cheekes by faults are bred,
And feares by pale white ſhowne:
Then if ſhe feare, or be to blame,
By this you ſhall not know,
For ſtill her cheekes poſſeſſe the ſame,
Which natiue ſhe doth owe:

A dangerous rime maſter againſt the reaſon of white and red.

Brag. Is there not a Ballet Boy, of the King and the Bogger?

Boy. The world was very guilty of ſuch a Ballet ſome three ages ſince, but I thinke now 'tis not to be found: or if it were, it would neither ſerue for the writing, nor the tune.

Brag. I will haue that ſubiect newly writ ore, that I may example my digreſſion by ſome mighty preſident. Boy, I doe loue that Countrey girle that I tooke in the Parke with the rationall hinde *Coſtard*: ſhe deſerues well.

Boy. To be whip'd: and yet a better loue then my Maſter.

Brag. Sing Boy, my ſpirit growes heauy in loue.

Boy. And that's great maruell, louing a light wench.

Brag. I ſay ſing.

Boy. Forbeare till this company be paſt.

Enter Clowne, Conſtable, and Wench.

Conſt. Sir, the Dukes pleaſure, is that you keepe *Coſtard* ſafe, and you muſt let him take no delight, nor no penance, but hee muſt faſt three dayes a weeke: for this Damſell, I muſt keepe her at the Parke, ſhe is alowd for the Day-woman. Fare you well.

Exit.

Brag. I doe betray my ſelfe with bluſhing: Maide.

Maid. Man.
Brag. I will viſit thee at the Lodge.
Maid. That's hereby.
Brag. I know where it is ſituate.
Mai. Lord how wiſe you are.
Brag. I will tell thee wonders.
Ma. With what face?
Brag. I loue thee.
Mai. So I heard you ſay.
Brag. And ſo farewell.
Mai. Faire weather after you.
Clo. Come *Iaquenetta*, away. *Exeunt.*
Brag. Villaine, thou ſhalt faſt for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.
Clo. Well ſir, I hope when I doe it, I ſhall doe it on a full ſtomacke.
Brag. Thou ſhalt be heauily puniſhed.
Clo. I am more bound to you then your fellowes, for they are but lightly rewarded.
Brag. Take away this villaine, ſhut him vp.
Boy. Come you tranſgreſſing ſlaue away.
Clow. Let me not be pent vp ſir, I will faſt being looſe.
Boy. No ſir, that were faſt and looſe: thou ſhalt to priſon.
Clow. Well, if euer I doe ſee the merrie dayes of deſolation that I haue ſeene, ſome ſhall ſee.
Boy. What ſhall ſome ſee?
Clow. Nay nothing, Maſter *Moth*, but what they looke vpon. It is for priſoners to be ſilent in their words, and therefore I will ſay nothing: I thanke God, I haue as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet. *Exit.*
Brag. I doe affect the very ground (which is baſe) where her ſhooe (which is baſer) guided by her foote (which is baſeſt) doth tread. I ſhall be forſworne (which is a great argument of falſhood) if I loue. And how can that be true loue, which is falſely attempted? Loue is a familiar, Loue is a Diuell. There is no euill Angell but Loue, yet *Sampſon* was ſo tempted, and he had an excellent ſtrength: Yet was *Salomon* ſo ſeduced, and he haſt a very good witte. *Cupids* Butſhaft is too hard for *Hercules* Clubbe, and therefore too much ods for a Spaniards Rapier: The first

first and ſecond cauſe will not ſerue my turne: the *Paſſado* hee reſpects not, the *Duello* he regards not; his diſgrace is to be called Boy, but his glorie is to ſubdue men. Adue Valour, ruſt Rapier, be ſtill Drum, for your manager is in loue; yea he loueth. Aſſiſt me ſome extemporall god of Rime, for I am ſure I ſhall turne Sonnet. Deuiſe Wit, write pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio. *Exit.*

Finis Actus Primus.

Actus Secundus.

Enter the Princeſſe of France, with three attending Ladies, and three Lords.

Boyet. Now Madam ſummon vp your deareſt ſpirits,
Conſider who the King your father ſends:
To whom he ſends, and what's his Embaſſie.
Your ſelfe held precious in the worlds eſteeme;
To parlee with the ſole inheritour
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchleſſe *Nauarre*, the plea of no leſſe weight
Then *Aquitaine*, a Dowrie for a Queene.
Be now as prodigall of all deare grace,
As Nature was in making Graces deare,
When ſhe did ſtarue the generall world beſide,
And prodigally gaue them all to you.
Queene. Good L. *Boyet*, my thought but meane,
Needs not the painted flouriſh of your praiſe:
Beauty is bought by iudgement of the eye,
Not vttered by baſe ſayle of chapmens tongues:
I am leſſe proud to heare you tell my worth,
Then you much willing to be counted wiſe,
In ſpending your wit in the praiſe of mine.
But now to taske the tasker, good *Boyet*,
Prin. You are not ignorant all telling fame
Doth noyſe abroad *Nauar* hath made a vow,
Till painefull ſtudie ſhall out-weare three yeeres,

No

No woman may approach his ſilent Court:
Therefore to's ſeemeth it a needfull courſe,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleaſure, and in that behalfe
Bold of your worthineſſe, we ſingle you,
As our beſt mouing faire ſoliciter;
Tell him, the daughter of the King of France,
On ſerious buſineſſe craning quicke diſpatch,
Importunes perſonall conference with his grace.
Haſte, ſignifie ſo much while we attend,
Like humble viſag'd ſuters his high will.
Boy, Proud of imployment, willingly I goe. *Exit.*
Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is ſo:
Who are the Votaries my louing Lords, that are vowfellowes,
with this vertuous Duke?
Lor. Longauill is one.
Princ. Know you the man?
1 *Lady*. I know him Madame at a marriage feaſt,
Betweene L. *Perigort* and the beauteous heire
Of *Iaques Fauconbridge* ſolemnized.
In *Normandie* ſaw I this *Longauill*,
A man of ſoueraigne parts he is eſteem'd:
Well fitted in Arts, glorious in Armes:
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The onely ſoile of his faire vertues gloſſe,
If vertues gloſſe will ſtaine with any ſoyle,
Is a ſharpe wit match'd with too blunt a Will:
Whoſe edge hath power to cut whoſe will ſtill wills,
It ſhould none ſpare that come within his power.
Prin. Some merry mocking Lord belike, is't ſo?
Lad. 1. They ſay ſo moſt, that moſt his humors know.
Prin. Such ſhort liu'd wits doe wither as they grow.
Who are the reſt?
2. *Lad.* The yong *Dumaine*, a well accompliſht youth,
Of all that Vertue loue, for Vertue loued,
Moſt power to doe moſt harme, leaſt knowing ill:
For he hath wit to make an ill ſhape good,
And ſhape to win grace though ſhe had no wit.
I ſaw him at the Duke *Alanſoes* once,

And much too litle of that good I ſaw,
Is my report to his great worthineſſe.
Roſſa. Another of the Students at that time,
Was there with him as I haue heard a truth.
Berowne they call him, but a merrier man,
Within the Limit of becomming mirth,
I neuer ſpent an houres talke withall.
His eye begets occaſion for his wit,
For euery obiect that the one doth catch,
The other turnes to a mirth-mouing ieſt.
Which his faire tongue (conceits expoſitor)
Deliuers in ſuch apt and gracious words,
That aged eares play truant at his tales,
And yonger hearings are quite raviſhed.
So ſweet and voluble is his diſcourſe.
Prin. God bleſſe my Ladies, are they all in loue?
That euery one her owne hath garniſhed,
With ſuch bedecking ornaments of praiſe.
Ma. Heere comes *Boyet*.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what admittance Lord?
Boyet. Nauar had notice of your faire approach;
And he and his competitors in oath,
Were all addreſt to meete you gentle Lady
Before I came: marry thus much I haue learnt,
He rather meanes to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes heere to beſiege his Court,
Then ſeeke a diſpenſation for his oath:
To let you enter his vnpeopled houſe.

Enter Nauar, Longauill, Dumaine, and Berowne.

Heere comes *Nauar*.
Nau. Faire Princeſſe, welcom to the Court of *Nauar*.
Prin. Faire I giue you backe againe, and welcome I haue not yet: the roofe of this Court is too high to be yours, and welcome to the wide fields, too baſe to be mine.
Nau. You ſhall be welcome Madam to my Court.
Prin. I will be welcome then. Conduct me thither.

Nau. Heare me deare Lady, I haue ſworne an oath,
Prin. Our Lady helpe my Lord, hee'll be forſworne.
Nau. Not for the world faire Madam, by my will.
Prin. Why will ſhall breake it will, and nothing els.
Nau. Your Ladiſhip is ignorant what it is.
Prin. Were my Lord ſo, his ignorance were wiſe,
Where now his knowledge muſt proue ignorance.
I heare your grace hath ſworne out House-keeping:
'Tis deadly ſinne to keepe that oath my Lord,
And ſinne to breake it:
But pardon me I am too ſodaine bold,
To teach a Teacher ill beſeemeth me.
Vouchſafe to read the purpoſe of my comming,
And ſodainly reſolue me in my ſuite.
Nau, Madam, I will, if ſodainly I may.
Prin. You will the ſooner that I were away,
For you'le proue periur'd if you make me ſtay.
Berow. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?
Roſa. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?
Ber. I know you did.
Roſa. How needleſſe was it then to aske the queſtion?
Ber. You muſt not be ſo quicke.
Roſa. 'Tis long of you that ſpurre mee with ſuch queſtions.
Ber Your wit's too hot, it ſpeeds too faſt, 'twill tire.
Roſa. Not till it leaue the Rider in the mire.
Ber. What time a day?
Roſa. The houre that fooles ſhould aske.
Ber. Now faire befall your maske.
Roſa. Faire falls the face it couers.
Ber. And ſend you many Louers.
Roſa. Amen, ſo you be none.
Ber. Nay then will I begone.
Kin. Madame your father here doth intimate,
The payment of a hundred thouſand Crownes,
Being but th'one halfe of an intire ſumme,
Diſburſed by my father in his warres.
But ſay that he, or we, as neither haue
Receiu'd that ſumme; yet there remaines vnpaid
A hundred thouſand more: in ſurety of the which,

One part of *Aquitane* is bound to vs,
Although not valued to the moneys worth.
If then the King your father will reſtore
But that one halfe which is but ſatiſfied,
We will giue vp our right in *Aquitaine*,
And hold faire friendſhip with his Maieſtie:
But that it ſeemes he little purpoſeth,
For here he doth demand to haue repaie,
An hundred thouſand Crownes, and not demands
One payment of an hundred thouſand Crownes,
To haue his title liue in *Aquitaine*.
Which we much rather had depart withall,
And haue the money by our fathers lent,
Then *Aquitaine*, ſo guelded as it is.
Deare Princeſſe, were not his requeſts ſo farre
From reaſons yeelding, your faire ſelfe ſhould make
A yeelding 'gainſt ſome reaſon in my breſt,
And goe well ſatiſfied to *France* againe.
Prin. You doe the King my Father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In ſo vnſeeming to confeſſe receit
Of that which hath ſo faithfully beene paid.
Kin. I doe proteſt I neuer heard of it,
And if you proue it, Ile repay it backe,
Or yeeld vp *Aquitaine*.
Prin. We arreſt your word:
Boyet, You can produce acquittances
For ſuch a ſumme from ſpeciall Officers,
Of *Charles* his Father.
Kin. Satiſfie me ſoe.
Boyet. So pleaſe your grace the packet is not come
Where that and other ſpecialties are bound.
To morrow you ſhall haue a ſight of them.
Kin. It ſhall ſuffice me; at which enterview,
All liberall reaſon would I yeeld vnto:
Meane time, receiue ſuch welcome at my hand,
As Honour, without breach of Honour may
Make tender of, to thy true worthineſſe.
You may not come faire Princeſſe in my gates,

But here without you ſhall be ſo receiu'd,
As you ſhall deeme your ſelfe lodg'd in my heart,
Though ſo deni'd farther harbour in my houſe:
Your owne good thoughts excuſe me, and farewell,
To morrow we ſhall viſit you againe.
Prin. Sweet health and faire deſires conſort your grace.
Kin. Thy owne wiſh wiſh I thee, in euery place. *Exit.*
Boy. Lady, I will commend you to mine owne heart.
La.Ro. Pray you doe my commendations,
I would be glad to ſee it.
Boy. I would you heard it grone.
La.Ro. Is the ſoule ſicke?
Boy. Sicke at the heart.
La.Ro. Alacke, let it bloud.
Boy. Would that doe it good?
La.Ro. My Phyſicke ſayes I.
Boy. Will you prick't with your eye.
La. Ro. No poynt, with my knife.
Boy. Now God ſaue thy life.
La.Ro. And yours from long liuing.
Ber. I cannot ſtay thankſ-giuing. *Exit.*

Enter Dumaine.

Dum. Sir, I pray you a word: What Lady is that ſame?
Boy. The heire of *Alanſor*, *Roſalin* her name.
Dum. A gallant Lady, Mounſier fare you well.
Long. I beſeech you a word: what is ſhe in the white?
Boy. A woman ſometime if you ſaw her in the light.
Long. Perchance light in the light I deſire her name.
Boy. She hath but one for her ſelfe,
To deſire that were a ſhame.
Long. Pray you ſir whoſe daughter?
Boy. Her Mothers, I haue heard.
Long. Gods bleſſing on your beard.
Boy. Good ſir be not offended,
Shee is an heyre of *Faulconbridge*.
Long. Nay, my choller is ended:
Shee is a moſt ſweet Lady. *Exit Long.*
Boy. Not vnlike ſir, that may be.

Exit.

Enter Berowne.

Ber. What's her name in the cap.
Boy. *Katherine* by good hap.
Ber. Is ſhe wedded, or no.
Boy. To her will ſir, or ſo.
Ber. You are welcome ſir, adiew.
Boy. Farewell to me ſir, and welcome to you. *Exit.*
La. Ma. That laſt is *Berowne*, the mery mad-cap Lord.
Not a word with him, but a ieſt.
Boy. And euery ieſt but a word.
Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his word.
Boy. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to boord.
La.Mn. Two hot ſheepes marie,
And wherefore not Ships:
Boy. No Sheepe (ſweet Lamb) vnleſſe we feede on your lips.
La. You ſheep & I paſture: ſhall that finiſh the ieſt?
Boy. So you grant paſture for me?
La. Not ſo gentle beaſt.
My lips are no Common, though ſeu erall they be,
Boy. Belonging to whom?
La. To my fortunes and me.
Prin. Good wits will be iangling but Gentles agree.
This ciuill warre of wits were much better vſed.
On *Nauar* and his Bookemen, for heere 'tis abus'd.
Bo. If my obſeruation (which very ſeldome lies
By the hearts ſtill Rhetoricke, diſcloſed with eyes)
Deceiue me not now, *Nauar is* infected.
Prin. With what?
Bo. With that which we Louers in title affected.
Prin. Your reaſon.
Bo. Why all his behauiours doe make the retire,
To the Court of his eye, peeping through deſire.
His heart like an Agot with your print impreſſed,
Proud with his forme, in his eye pride expreſſed.
His tongue all impatient to ſpeake and not ſee.
Did ſtumble with haſte in his eye ſight-to be,
All ſences to that ſence did make their repaire,
To feele onely looking on faireſt of faire:

Me thought all his ſenſes were lockt in his eye,
As Iewels in Chriſtall for ſome Prince to buy. (glaſt,
Who tendring their own worth from whence they were
Did point out to buy them along as you paſt.
His faces owne margent did quote ſuch amazes,
That all eyes ſaw his eyes inchanted with gazes.
Ile giue you *Aquitaine*, all that is his,
And you giue him for my ſake, but one louing Kiſſe,

Prin. Come to our pauillion, *Boyet* is diſpoſde.

Bro. But to ſpeake that in words, which his eye hath diſcloſ'd.
I onely haue made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

Lad. Ro. Thou art an old Loue-monger, and ſpeakeſt skilfully.

Lad. Ma. He is *Cupids* Grandfather, and learnes newes of him.

Lad. 2. Then was *Venus* like her mother, for her father is but grim.

Boy. Do you heare my mad Wenches?

Lad. 1. No.

Boy. What then, do you ſee?

Lad. 2. I, our way to be gone.

Boy. You are too hard for me. *Exeunt omnes.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Braggart and Boy.

Song.

Bra. Warble child, make paſſionate my ſenſe of hearing.

Boy. Concolinel.

Brag. Sweet ayre, go tenderneſſe of yeeres: take this Key, giue enlargement to the ſwaine, bring him feſtinately hither: I muſt imploy him in a letter to my Loue.

Boy. Will you win your loue with a French braule?

Bra. How meaneſt thou brauling in French?

Boy. No my compleat maſter, but to Iigge off a tune at the tongues

tongues end, canarie to it with the feete, humour it with turning vp your eye: ſigh a note and ſing a note ſometime through the throate: if you ſwallowed loue with ſinging, loue ſometime through: noſe as if you ſnuft vp loue by ſmelling loue with your hat penthouſe-like ore the ſhop of your eyes, with your armes croſt on your thinbellie doublet, like a Rabbet on a ſpit, or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting, and keepe not too long in one tune, but a ſnip and away: theſe are complements, theſe are humours, theſe betray nice wenches that would be betrayed without theſe, and make them men of note: do you note men that moſt are affected to theſe?

Brag. How haſt thou purchas'd this experience?

Boy. By my pen of obſeruation.

Brag. But O, but O.

Boy. The Hobbie-horſe is forgot.

Bra. Cal'ſt thou my loue Hobbie-horſe.

Boy. No Maſter the Hobbie-horſe is but a Colt, and your Loue perhaps a Hacknie:
But haue you forgot your Loue?

Brag. Almoſt I had.

Boy. Negligent ſtudent, learne her by heart.

Brag. By heart, and in heart Boy.

Boy. And out of heart Maſter: all thoſe three I will proue.

Brag. What wilt thou proue?

Boy. A man, if I liue (and this) by, in, and without, vpon the inſtant: by heart you loue her, becauſe your heart cannot come by her: in heart you loue her, becauſe your heart is in loue with her: and out of heart you loue her, being out of heart that you cannot enioy her.

Brag. I am all theſe three.

Boy. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Boy. Fetch hither the Swaine he muſt carrie mee a Letter.

Boy. A meſſage well ſympathis'd, a Horſe to be embaſſadour for an Aſſe.

Brag. Ha, ha, What ſaiſt thou?

Boy. Marrie ſir, you muſt ſend the Aſſe vpon the Horſe for he is verie ſlow gated: but I goe,

Brag. The way is but ſhort, away.

Boy. As ſwift as lead ſir.

Brag.

Brag. Thy meaning prettie ingenuous, is not Lead, a mettall heauie dull, and ſlow?

Boy. Minime honeſt Maſter, or rather Maſter no.

Brag. I ſay Lead is ſlow.

Boy. You are too ſwift ſir to ſay ſo.
Is that Lead ſlow which is fir'd from a Gunne?

Brag. Sweete ſmoake of Rhetoricke,
He reputes me a Cannon, and the Bullet that's hee:
I ſhoote thee at the Swaine.

Boy. Thumpe then and I flee.

Bra. A moſt acute Iuuenall, voluble and free of grace,
By thy fauour ſweet Welkin, I muſt ſigh in thy face:
Moſt rude melancholie, Valour giues thee place.
My Herald is return'd.

Enter Page and Clowne.

Pag. A wonder Maſter, heere's a *Coſtard* broken in a ſhin.

Ar. Some enigma, ſome Riddle, come, thy *Lennoy* begin.

Clo. No egma, no riddle, no *Lennoy*, no ſalue, in thee male ſir. Or ſir, Plantan, a plaine Plantan: no *lennoy*, no *lennoy*, no Salue ſir, but a Plantan:

Ar. By vertue thou enforceſt laughter, thy ſillie thought, my ſpleene, the heauing of my lungs prouokes me to ridiculous ſmiling: O pardon me my ſtars, doth the vnconſiderate take *ſalue* for *lennoy*, and the word *lennoy* for a *ſalue*?

Page. Doe the wiſe thinke them other, is not *lennoy* a *ſalue*?

Ar. No *Page*, it is an epilogue or diſcourſe to make plaine,
Some obſcure precedence that hath to fore bin faine.
Now will I begin your morall and doe you follow with my *lennoy*.
The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee.
Were ſtill at oddes being but three.

Arm. Vntill the Gooſe came out of doore,
Staying the oddes by adding foure.

Pag. A good *Lennoy*, ending in the Gooſe: would you deſire more:

Clo. The Boy hath ſold him a bargaine, a Gooſe, that's flat
Sir, your pennie-worth is good, and your Gooſe be fat.
To ſell a Bargaine well is as cunning as faſt and looſe:

Let

Let me ſee a fat *Lennoy*, I that's a fat Gooſe.

Ar. Come hither, come hither:
How did this argument begin?

Boy. By ſaying that a *Coſtard* was broken in a ſhin.
Then cal'd you for the *Lennoy*.

Clow. True, and I for a Plantan:
Thus came your argument in:
Then the Boyes fat *Lennoy*, the Gooſe that you bought,
And he ended the market.

Ar. But tell me: How was there a *Coſtard* broken in a ſhin?

Pag. I will tell you ſencibly.

Clow. Thou haſt no feeling of it *Moth*.
I will ſpeake that *Lennoy*.
I *Coſtard* running out, that was ſafely within,
Fell ouer the threſhold, and broke my ſhin.

Arm. We will talke no more of this matter.

Clow. Till there be more matter in the ſhin.

Arm. Sirra *Coſtard* I will infranchiſe thee.

Clow. O, marrie me to one *Francis*, I ſmell ſome *Lennoy*, ſome Gooſe in this.

Arm. By my ſweet ſoule, I meane, ſetting thee at libertie,
Enfreedoming thy perſon: thou wert emured, reſtrained, captiuated, bound.

Clow. True, true, and now you will be my purgation, and let me looſe.

Arm. I giue thee thy libertie, ſet thee from durance, and in lieu thereof, impoſe on thee nothing but this: Beare this ſignificant to the Country Maide *Iaquenetta*: there is remuneration, for the beſt ward of my honours is rewarding my dependants. *Moth*, follow.

Pag. Like the ſequell I.
Signeur *Coſtard* adiew. *Exit.*

Clow. My ſweet ounce of mans fleſh, my in-conie Iew: Now will I looke to his remuneration. Remuneration, O, that's the Latine word for three farthings: three farthings remuneratiõ, what's the price of this yncle? i.d. no, Ile giue you a remuneration: Why? It carries it remuneration: Why? It is a fairer name then a French-Crowne. I will neuer buy and ſell out of this word.

 Enter

Enter Berowne.

Ber. O my good knaue *Coſtard*, exceedingly well met.

Clow. Pray you ſir, How much carnation Ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Ber. What is a remuneration?

Coſt. Marrie ſir, halfe pennie farthing.

Ber. O, why then three farthings worth of Silke.

Caſt. I thanke your worſhip, God be wy you.

Ber. O ſtay ſlaue, I muſt imploy thee;
As thou wilt my fauour, good my knaue,
Doe one thing for me that I ſhall intreate.

Clow. When would you haue it done ſir?

Ber. O this after-noone.

Clo. Well, I will doe it ſir: Fare you well.

Ber. O thou knoweſt not what it is.

Clow. I ſhall know ſir, when I haue done it.

Ber. Why villaine thou muſt know firſt.

Clo. I will come to your worſhip to morrow morning.

Ber. It muſt be done this after-noone:
Harke ſlaue, it is but this;
The Princes comes to hunt heere in the Parke,
And in her traine there is a gentle Ladie:
When tongues ſpeak ſweetly then they name her name,
And *Roſaline* they call her, aske for her:
And to her whyte hand ſee thou doe commend
This ſeal'd-vp counſaile, There's thy guerdon: goe.

Clow. Gardon, O ſweet gardon, better then remuneration, a leuenpence-farthing better: moſt ſweet gardon. I will doe it ſir in print: gardon, remuneration. *Exit.*

Ber. O, and I forſooth in loue,
I that haue beene loues whip?
A verie Beadle to a humorous ſigh: A Criticke,
Nay, a night-watch Conſtable.
A domineering pedant ore the Boy,
Then whom no mortall ſo magnificent.
This wimpled, whyning, purblinde waward Boy,
This ſignior *Iunios* gyant dwarfe Don *Cupid*,
Regent of Loue-rimes, Lord of folded armes,
Th'annointed ſoueraigne of ſighes and groanes:

Liedge

Liedge of all loyterers and malecontents:
Dread Prince of Placcats, King of Codpeeces,
Sole Emperator and great generall
Of trotting Parritors (O my little heart)
And I to be a Corporall of his field,
And weare his Colours like a Tumblers hoope.
What? I loue, I ſue, I ſeeke a wife,
A woman that is like a Germaine Cloake,
Still a repairing: euer out of frame,
And neuer going a right, being a Watch:
But being watcht, that it may ſtill goe right:
Nay, to be periurde, which is worſt of all:
And among three, to loue the worſt of all,
A whitly wanton, with a veluet brow.
With two pitch balls ſtucke in her face for eyes,
I, and by heauen one that will doe the deede,
Though *Argus* were her Eunuch and her guarde
And I to ſigh for her, to watch for her,
To pray for her, go to: it is a plague
That *Cupid* will impoſe for my neglect,
Of his almighty dreadfull little might.
Well, I will loue, write, ſigh, pray, ſue grone,
Some men muſt loue my Lady, and ſome Ione.

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Princeſſe, a Forreſter, her Ladies, and her Lords.

Qu. Was that the King that ſpurd his horſe ſo hard,
Againſt the ſteepe vpriſing of the hill?

Boy. I know not, but I thinke it was not he.

Qu. Whoere a was, a ſhew'd a mounting minde:
Well Lords to day we ſhall haue our diſpatch,
On Saturday we will returne to *France*.
Then *Forreſter* my friend, Where is the Buſh,
That we muſt ſtand and play the murtherer in?

For. Hereby vpon the edge of yonder Coppice,
A Stand where you may make the faireſt ſhoote.
Qu. I thanke my beautie, I am faire that ſhoote,
And thereupon thou ſpeak'ſt the faireſt ſhoote.
For. Pardon me Madam, for I meant not ſo.
Qu. What, what? Firſt praiſe me, and then again ſay no.
O ſhort liu'd pride. Not faire? alacke for woe.
For. Yes Madam faire.
Qu. Nay, neuer paint me now,
Where faire is not, praiſe cannot mend the brow.
Here (good my glaſſe) take this for telling true:
Faire payment for foule words, is more then due.
For. Nothing but faire is that which you inherit.
Qu. See, ſee my beautie will be ſau'd by merit.
O hereſie in faire, fit for theſe dayes,
A giuing hand, though foule, ſhall haue faire praiſe.
But come, the Bow: Now Mercy goes to kill,
And ſhooting well, is then accounted ill:
Thus will I ſaue my credit in the ſhoote,
Not wounding, pittie would not let me do't:
If wounding, then it was to ſhew my skill,
That more for praiſe, then purpoſe meant to kill.
And out of queſtion, ſo it is ſometimes:
Glorie growes guiltie of deteſted crimes,
When for Fames ſake, for prayſe an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart.
As I for praiſe alone now ſeeke to ſpill
The poore Deeres blood, that my heart meanes no ill.
Boy. Do not curſt wiues hold that ſelfe-ſouereignitie
Only for praiſe ſake, when they ſtriue to be
Lords ore their Lords?
Qu. Only for praiſe, and praiſe we may afford,
To any Lady that ſubdues a Lord.

Enter Clowne.

Boy. Here comes a member of the common-wealth.
Clo. God dig-you-den all, pray you which is the head Lady?
Qu. Thou ſhalt know her fellow, by the reſt that haue no heads.
Clo. Which is the greateſt Lady, the higheſt?

Qu. The thickeſt, and the talleſt.
Clo. The thickeſt, & the talleſt: it is ſo, truth is truth.
And your waſte Miſtris, were as ſlender as my wit,
One a theſe Maides girdles for your waſte ſhould be fit.
Are not you the chiefe woman? You are the thickeſt here?
Qu. What's your will ſir? What's your will?
Clo. I haue a Letter from Mounſier *Berowne*,
To one Lady *Roſaline*.
Qu. O thy letter, thy letter: He's a good friend of mine.
Stand a ſide good bearer.
Boyet, you can carue,
Breake vp this Capon.
Boyet. I am bound to ſerue.
This Letter is miſtooke: it importeth none here:
It is writ to *Iaquenetta:*
Qu. We will reade it, I ſweare.
Breake the necke of the Waxe, and euery one giue eare.

Boyet reades.

BY heauen, that thou art faire, is moſt infallible: true that thou art beauteous, truth it ſelfe that thou art louely: more faire-er then faire, beautifull then beauteous, truer then truth it ſelfe: haue comiſeration on thy heroicall Vaſſall. The magnanimous & moſt illuſtrious King *Cophetua* ſet eie vpon the pernicious & indubitate Beggar *Zenelophon:* and he it was, that might rightly ſay, *Veni, vidi, vici:* Which to annothanize in the vulgar, O baſe and obſcure vulgar; *videlicet*, He came, See, and ouercame: he came one; ſee two; ouercame three: Who came? the King. Why did he come? to ſee. Why did he ſee? to ouercome. To whom came he? to the Beggar. What ſaw he? the Beggar. Who ouercame he? the Beggar. The concluſion is victorie: on whoſe ſide? the Kings: the captiuitie is inricht: On whoſe ſide? the Beggars. The cataſtrophe is a Nuptiall: on whoſe ſide? the King's no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the King (for ſo ſtands the compariſon) thou the Beggar, for ſo witneſſeth thy lowlines. Shall I command thy loue? I may. Shall I enforce thy loue? I could. Shal I entreate thy loue? I will. What, ſhalt thou exchange for ragges, roabes: for tittles titles: for thy ſelfe mee. Thus expecting thy reply, I prophane my lips on thy foote, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy euery part.

Thine in the deareſt deſigne of induſtrie.

Don Adriano de Armatho.

Thus doſt thou heare the Nemean Lion roare,
Gainſt thee thou Lambe that ſtandeſt as his pray:
Submiſſiue fall his princely feet before,
And he from forrage will incline to play.
But if thou ſtriue (poore foule) what art thou then?
Foode for his rage, repaſture for his den.

Qu. What plume of feathers is he that indited this Letter? What veine? What Wethercocke? Did you euer heare better?

Boy I am much deceiued, but I remember the ſtile.

Qu. Elſe your memory is bad, going ore it ere while.

Boy. This *Armado* is a *Spaniard* that keepes here in court: A Phantaſime a Monorcho, and one that makes ſport To the Prince and his Booke-mates.

Qu. Thou fellow, a word. Who gaue thee this Letter?

Clow. I told you my Lord.

Qu. To whom ſhould'ſt thou giue it;

Clow. From my Lord to my Lady.

Qu. From which Lord, to which Lady.

Clo. From my Lord *Berowne* a good matter of mine, To a Lady of *France*, that he call'd *Roſaline*.

Qu. Thou haſt miſtaken his Letter. Come Lords away. Heere ſweet, put vp this, 'twill be thine another day. *Exeunt.*

Boy. Who is the ſhooter? Who is the ſhooter?

Roſa. Shall I teach you to know.

Boy. I my continent of Beautie.

Roſa. Why ſhe that beares the Bow. Finely put off.

Boy. My Lady goes to kill hornes, but if thou marrie, Hang me by the necke, if hornes that yeare miſcarrie. Finely put on.

Roſa. Well then, I am the ſhooter.

Boy. And who is your Deare?

Roſa. If we chooſe by the hornes, your ſelfe come not neare. Finely put on indeede.

Maria. You ſtill wrangle with her *Boyet*, and ſhe ſtrikes at the brow.

Boyet.

Boyet. But ſhe her ſelfe is hit lower. Haue I hit her now.

Roſa. Shall I come vpon thee with an old ſaying, that was a man when King *Pippin* of *France* was a little boy, as touching the hit it.

Boyet. So I may anſwere thee with one as old that was a woman when Queene *Guinouer* of *Brittaine* was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Roſa. Thou canſt not hit it, hit it, hit it, Thou canſt not hit it my good man.

Boy. I cannot, cannot, cannot: And I cannot, another can. *Exit.*

Clo. By my troth moſt pleaſant, how both did fit it.

Mar. A marke maruellous well ſhot, for they both did hit.

Boy. A Mark, O marke but that marke: a marke ſayes my Lady. Let the marke haue a pricke in't, to meat at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide a'th bow hand, yfaith your hand is out.

Clo. Indeede a'muſt ſhoote nearer, or heele ne're hit the clout.

Boy. And if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

Clow. Then will ſhe get the vpſhoot by cleauing the is in.

Ma. Come, come, you talke greaſily, your lips grow foule.

Clow. She's too hard for you at pricks, ſir challenge her to boule.

Boy. I feare too much rubbing: good night my good Oule.

Clo. By my ſoule a Swaine, a moſt ſimple Clowne. Lord, Lord, how the Ladies and I haue put him downe. O my troth moſt ſweet ieſts, moſt inconie vulgar wit, When it comes ſo ſmoothly off, ſo obſcenely, as it were ſo fit. *Armathor* ath to the ſide, O a moſt dainty man. To ſee him walke before a Lady, and to beare her Fan. To ſee him kiſſe his hand, and how moſt ſweetly a will ſweare: And his Page at other ſide, that handfull of wit. Ah heauens, it is moſt patheticall nit. Sowla, ſowla. *Exeunt.*

Shoote with him.

Enter Dull, Holofernes, the Pedant and Nathaniel.

Nat. Very reuerent ſport truely, and done in the teſtimony of a good conſcience.

Ped.

Ped. The Deare was (as you know) ſanguis in blood ripe as a Pomewater, who now hangeth like a Iewell in the eare of *Celo* the ſkie; the welken, the heauen, and anon falleth like a Crab on the face of *Terra*, the ſoyle, the land, the earth.

Curat. Nath. Truely M. *Holofernes*, the epithithes are ſweetly varied like a ſcholler at the leaſt: but Sir I aſſure ye, it was a Bucke of the firſt head.

Hol. Sir, *Nathaniel*, *haud credo*.

Dul. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a Pricket.

Hol. Moſt barbarous intimation: yet a kinde of inſinuation, as it were *in via*, in way of explication *facere*: as it were replication, or rather *oſtentare*, to ſhow as it were his inclination after his vndreſſed, vnpoliſhed, vneducated, vnpruned, vntrained, or rather vnlettered, or rathereſt vnconfirmed faſhion, to inſert againe my *haud credo* for a Deare.

Dul. I ſaid the Deare was not a *haud credo*, 'twas a Pricket.

Hol. Twice-ſod ſimplicitie, *bis coctus*, O thou monſter Ignorance, how deformed doſt thou looke.

Nath. Sir, he hath neuer fed of the dainties that are bred in a booke.
He hath not eate paper as it were:
He hath not drunke inke.
His intellect is not repleniſhed, he is onely an animall, onely ſenſible in the duller parts: and ſuch barren plants are ſet before vs, that we thankfull ſhould be: which we taſte and feeling, are for thoſe parts that fructifie in vs more then he.
For as it would ill become me to be vaine, indiſcreet, or a foole;
So were there a patch ſet on Learning, to ſee him in a Schoole.
But *omne bene* ſay I, being of an old Fathers minde,
Many can brooke the weather, that loue not the winde.

Dul. You two are booke-men: can you tell by your wit,
What was a month old at *Cains* birth, that's not fiue weekes old as yet?

Hol. *Dictiſſima* good man *Dull*, *Dictiſſima* goodman *Dull*.

Dul. What is *Dictima*?

Nath. A title to *Phœbe*, to *Luna*, to the *Moone*.

Hol. The Moone was a month old when *Adam* was no more,
And wrought not to fiue weekes when he came to fiueſcore.
Th'alluſion holds in the Exchange.

Dul.

Dul. 'Tis true indeed, the Colluſion holds in the Exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity, I ſay th'alluſion holds in the Exchange.

Dul. And I ſay the polluſion holds in the Exchange:
for the Moone is neuer but a month old: and I ſay beſide that, 'twas a Pricket that the Princeſſe kill'd,

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, will you heare an extemporall Epitaph on the death of the Deare, and to humour the ignorant call'd the Deare, the Princeſſe kill'd the Pricket.

Nath. *Perge*, good M. *Holofernes*, *perge*, ſo it ſhall pleaſe you to abrogate ſcurilitie.

Hol. I will ſomething affect the Letter, for it argues facilitie.

The prayfull Princeſſe pearſt and prickt
a prettie pleaſing Pricket,
Some ſay a Sore, but not a ſore,
till now made ſore with ſhooting.
The Dogges did yell, put ell to Sore,
then Sorell iumps from thicket:
Or Pricket-ſore, or elſe Sorell,
The people fall a hooting,
If Sore be ſore, then ell to Sore,
makes fiftie ſores O ſorell:
Of one ſore I an hundred make
by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent.

Dul. If a talent be a claw, looke how he claweshim with a talent.

Nath. This is a gift that I haue ſimple: ſimple, a fooliſh extrauagant ſpirit, full of formes, figures, ſhapes, obiects, Ideas, apprehenſions, motions, reuolutions, . Theſe are begot in the ventricle of memorie, nouriſht in the wombe of Primater, and deliuered vpon the mellowing of occaſion: but the gift is good in thoſe in whom it is acute, and I am thankfull for it.

Hol. Sir, I praye ſe the Lord for you, and ſoe may my pariſhioners, for their ſonnes are well tutor'd by you, and their Daughters profit very greatly vnder you: you are a good member of the common-wealth.

Nath.

Nath. Me hercle, If their ſonnes be ingenuous, they ſhall want no inſtruction: If their Daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But *Vir ſapit qui pauca loquitur*, a ſoule Feminine ſaluteth vs.

Enter Iaquenetta and the Clowne.

Iaqu. God giue you good morrow. M. *Perſon.*

Nath. Maſter Perſon, *quaſi* Perſon? And if one ſhould be perſt, Which is the one?

Clow. Marry M. Shoolemaſter, he that is likeſt to a hogſhead.

Nath. Of perſing a Hogshead, a good luſtre of conceit in a turph of Earth, Fire enough for a Flint, Pearle enough for a Swine: 'tis prettie, it is well.

Iaqu. Good Maſter Parſon be ſo good as reade mee this Letter, it was giuen me by *Coſtard*, and ſent me from *Don Armatho*: I beſeech you reade it.

Nath. Facile precor gleida, quando peccas omnia ſub vmbra ruminat, and ſo forth. Ah good old *Mantuan*, I may ſpeake of thee as the traueller doth of *Venice*, *vemchie, vencha, que non te vnde, que non te perroche*. Old *Mantuan*, old *Mantuan*. Who vnderſtandeth thee not, *vt re ſol la mi fa*: Vnder pardon ſir, What are the contents? or rather as *Horace* ſayes in his, What my ſoule verſes.

Hol. I ſir, and verie learned.

Nath. Let me heare a ſtaffe, a ſtanze, a verſe, *Lege Domine.*

If Loue make me forſworne, how ſhall I ſweare to loue?
Ah neuer faith could hold, if not to beautie vowed.
Though to my ſelfe forſworn, to thee Ile faithfull proue.
Thoſe thoughts to me were Okes, to thee like Oſiers bowed.
Studie his byas leaues, and makes his booke thine eyes.
Where all thoſe pleaſures liue, That Art would comprehend.
If knowledge be the Marke, to know thee ſhall ſuffice.
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend.
All ignorant that ſoule, that ſees thee without wonder.
Which is to me ſome praiſe, that I thy parts admire;
Thy eye *Ioues* lightning beares, thy voyce his dreadfull thunder.
Which not to anger bent, is muſique, and ſweet fire.
Celeſtiall as thou art, O pardon Loue this wrong,
That ſings heauens praiſe with ſuch an earthly tongue.

Ped.

Ped. You finde not the Apoſtrophas, and ſo miſſe the accent. Let me ſuperuiſe the canzonet.

Nath. Here are onely numbers ratified, but for the elegancy, facilitie, and golden cadence of poeſie *caret: Ouidius Naſo* was the man. And why indeede *Naſo*, but for ſmelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the ierkes of inuention imitaries is nothing: ſo doth the Hound his Maſter, the Ape his keeper, the tyred Horſe his rider: But *Damoſella Virgin*, Was this directed to you?

Iaqu. I ſir, from one Mounſier *Berowne*, one of the ſtrange Queenes Lords.

Nath. I will ouerglance the ſuperſcript.

To the ſnow-white hand of the moſt beauteous Lady Roſaline. I will looke againe on the intellect of the Letter, for the nomination of the partie written to the perſon written vnto.

Your Ladiſhips it all deſired imployment, Berowne.

Per. Sir *Holofernes*, this *Berowne* is one of the Votaries with the King, and here he hath framed a Letter to a ſequent of the ſtranger Queenes: which accidentally, or by the way of progreſſion, hath miſcarried. Trip and goe my ſweete, deliuer this Paper into the hand of the King, it may concerne much: ſtay not thy complement, I forgiue thy duetie, adue.

Maid. Good *Coſtard* go with me:
Sir God ſaue your life.

Coſt. Haue with thee my girle. *Exit.*

Hol. Sir you haue done this in the feare of God very religiouſly: and as a certaine Father ſaith.

Ped. Sir tell me not of the Father, I doe feare colourable colors. But to return to the verſes, did they pleaſe you ſir *Nathaniel*?

Nat. Marueilous well for the pen.

Peda. I do dine to day at the fathers of a certaine Pupill of mine, where if (being repaſt) it ſhall pleaſe you to gratifie the table with a Grace, I will on my priuiledge I haue with the parents of the forſaid Childe or Pupill, vndertake your *bien venuto*, where I will proue thoſe Verſes to be very vnlearned, neither ſauouring of Poetrie, Wit, nor Inuention. I beſeech your Societie.

Nat. And thanke you to: for ſocietie (ſaith the text) is the happineſſe of life.

Peda. And certes the text moſt infallibly concludes it. Sir I doe inuite you too, you ſhall not ſay me nay: *pauca verba.* Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. *Exeunt.*

Enter Berowne with a Paper in his hand, alone.

Bero. The King he is hunting the Deare,
I am courſing my ſelfe.
They haue pitcht a Toyle, I am toyling in a pytch, pitch that defiles; defile a foule word: Well, ſet thee downe ſorrow; for ſo they ſay the foole ſaid, and ſo ſay I, and I the foole: well proued wit. By the Lord this Loue is as mad as *Aiax*, it kils ſheepe, it kills mee, I a ſheepe: well proued againe a my ſide. I will not loue; if I doe hang mee: yfaith I will not. O but her eye: by this light; but for her eye, I would not loue her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I doe nothing in the world but lye, and lye in my throate. By heauen I doe loue, and it hath taught me to Rime, and to be mallichollie: and here is part of my Rime, and heere my mallicholie. Well, ſhe hath one a'my Sonnets already the Clowne bore it, the foole ſent it, and the Lady hath it: ſweet Clowne, ſweeter Foole, ſweeteſt Lady. By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper, God giue him grace to grone.

He ſtands aſide. *The King entreth.*

Kin. Ay mee!

Ber. Shot by heauen: proceede ſweet *Cupid*, thou haſt thumpt him with thy Birdbolt vnder the left pap: in faith ſecrets.

King. So ſweet a kiſſe the golden Sunne giues not,
To thoſe freſh morning drops vpon the Roſe,
As thy eye beames, when their freſh rayſe haue ſmot.
The night of dew that on my cheekes downe flowes,
Nor ſhines the ſiluer Moone one halfe ſo bright,
Through the tranſparant boſome of the deepe,
As doth thy face through teares of mine giue light:
Thou ſhin'ſt in euery teare that I doe weepe,
No drop, but as a Coach doth carry thee:
So rideſt thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the teares that ſwell in me,
And they thy glory through my griefe will ſhow:

But doe not loue thy ſelfe, then thou wilt keepe
My teares for glaſſes, and ſtill make me weepe.
O Queene of Queenes, how farre doſt thou excell;
No thought can thinke, nor tongue of mortall tell.
How ſhall ſhe know my griefes? Ile drop the paper.
Sweet leaues ſhade folly. Who is he comes heer?

Enter Longauile. *The King ſteps aſide.*

What *Longauill*, and reading: liſten eare.

Ber. Now in thy likeneſſe, one more foole appeare.

Long. Ay me, I am forſworne.

Ber. Why, he comes in like a periure, wearing papers.

Long. In loue I hope, ſweet fellowſhip in ſhame.

Ber. One drunkard loues another of the name.

Lon. Am I the firſt, that haue beene periur'd ſo?

Ber. I could put thee in comfort, not by two that I know,
Thou makeſt the triumphery, the corner cap of ſocietie,
The ſhape of Loues Tiburne, that hangs vp ſimplicitie.

Lon. I feare theſe ſtubborn lines lack power to moue.
O ſweet *Maria*, Empreſſe of my Loue,
Theſe numbers will I teare, and write in proſe.

Ber. O Rimes are gards on wanton *Cupids* hoſe.
Diſfigure not his Shop.

Lon. This ſame ſhall goe.

He reades the Sonnet:

Did not the heauenly Rhetorick of thine eye,
Gainſt whom the world cannot hold argument,
Perſwade my heart to this falſe periurie?
Vowes for thee broke deſerues not puniſhment.
A woman I forſwore, but I will proue,
Thou being a Goddeſſe, I forſwore not thee.
My vow was earthly, thou a heauenly Loue.
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all diſgrace in me.
Vowes are but breath, and breath a vapour is.
Then thou faire Sun, which on my earth doeſt ſhine,
Exhaleſt this vapor-vow, in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine:
If by me broke, what foole is not ſo wiſe,
To loſe an oath, to win a Paradiſe?

Ber. This is the liuer veine, which makes fleſh a deitie.
A Greene Gooſe, a Coddeſſe, pure pure Idolatrie.
God amend vs, God amend, we are much out o'th'way.

Enter Dumaine.

Lon. By whom ſhall I ſend this (company?) Stay.
Bero. All hid, all hid, an old infant play,
Like a demie God, here ſit I in the skie,
And wretched fooles ſecrets heedfully ore-eye.
More Sackes to the myll. O heauens I haue my wiſh,
Dumaine tranſform'd, foure Woodcocks in a diſh.
Dum. O moſt diuine *Kate*.
Bero. O moſt prophane coxcombe.
Dum. By heauen the wonder of a mortall eye.
Bero. By earth ſhe is not, corporall, there you lye.
Dum. Her Amber haires for foule hath amber coted,
Ber. An Amber coloured Rauen was well noted.
Dum. As vpright as the Cedar.
Ber. Stoope I ſay her ſhoulder is with-child.
Dum. As faire as day.
Ber. I as ſome dayes, but then no Sunne muſt ſhine.
Dum. O that I had my wiſh?
Lon. And I had mine.
Kin. And mine too good Lord.
Ber. Amen, ſo I had mine: Is not that a good word?
Dum. I would forget her, but a Feuer ſhe
Raignes in my bloud, and will remembred be.
Ber. A Feuer in your bloud, why then inciſion
Would let her out in Sawcers, ſweet miſpriſion.
Dum. Once more Ile read the Ode that I haue writ.
Ber. Once more Ile marke how Loue can vary Wit.

Dumaine readeshis Sonnet.

On a day, alack the day:
Loue, whoſe Month is euery May,
Spied a bloſſome paſſing faire,
Playing in the wanton ayre:
Through the Velure, leaues the winde,
All vnſeene, can paſſage finde.

That the Louer ſicke to death,
Wiſh himſelfe the heauens breath.
Ayre (quoth he) thy cheekes may blowe,
Ayre, would I might triumph ſo.
But alacke my hand is ſworne,
Nere to plucke thee from thy throne:
Vow alacke for youth vnmeete,
Youth ſo apt to plucke a ſweete.
Doe not call it ſinne in me,
That I am forſworne for thee.
Thou for whom Ioue *would ſweare,*
Iuno *but an Æthiope were,*
And denie himſelfe for Ioue.
Turning mortall for thy Loue.
This will I ſend, and ſomething elſe more plaine,
That ſhall expreſſe my true-loues faſting paine.
O would the King, *Berowne* and *Longauill*,
Were Louers two, ill to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a periur'd note:
For none offend, where all alike doe dote.
Lon. Dumaine, thy Loue is farre from charitie,
That in Loues griefe deſir'ſt ſocietie:
You may looke pale, but I ſhould bluſh I know,
To be ore-heard, and taken napping ſo.
Kin. Come ſir, you bluſh: as his your caſe is ſuch,
You chide at him, offending twice as much,
You doe not Loue *Maria*? *Longauile*,
Did neuer Sonnet for her ſake compile;
Nor neuer lay his wreathed armes athwart
His louing boſome, to keepe downe his heart.
I haue beene cloſely ſhrowded in this buſh,
And markt you both, and for you both did bluſh.
I heard your guilty Rimes, obſeru'd you faſhion:
Saw ſighes reeke from you, noted well your paſſion.
Aye me, ſayes one! O *Ioue*! the other cries!
On her haires were gold, Chriſtall the others eyes.
You would for Paradiſe breake Faith and troth,
And *Ioue* for your Loue, would infringe an oath.
What will *Berowne* ſay when that he ſhall heare

Faith infringed: which ſuch zeale did ſweare.
How will he ſcorne? how will he ſpend his wit?
How will he triumph, leape, and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that euer I did ſee,
I would not haue him know ſo much by me.
Bero. Now ſtep I forth to whip Hypocriſie.
Ah good my Liedge, I pray thee pardon me.
Good heart, What Grace haſt thou thus to reproue
Theſe wormes for louing, that art moſt in loue?
Your eyes doe make mo couches in your teares.
There is no certaine Princeſſe that appeares.
You'll not be periur'd, 'tis a hatefull thing:
Tuſh, none but Minſtrels like of Sonneting.
But are you not aſham'd? nay, are you not
All three of you, to be thus much ore'ſhot?
You found his Moth, the King your Moth did ſee:
But I a beame doe finde in each of three.
O what a Scene of fool'ry haue I ſeene.
Of ſighes, of grones, of ſorrow, and of teene:
O me, with what ſtrict patience haue I ſat,
To ſee a King tranformed to a Gnat?
To ſee great *Hercules* whipping a Gigge,
And profound *Salomon* tuning a Iygge?
And *Neſtor* play at puſh-pin with the Boyes,
And *Critticke Timon* laugh at idle toyles.
Where lies thy griefe? O tell me good *Dumaine*;
And gentle *Longauill*, where lies thy paine?
And where my Liedges? all about the breſt:
A Candle hoa!
Kin. Too bitter is thy ieſt.
Are wee betrayed thus to thy ouer-view?
Ber Not you by me, but I betrayed to you.
I that am honeſt, I that hold it ſinne
To breake the vow I am ingaged in.
I am betrayed by keeping company
With men, like men of inconſtancie.
When ſhall you ſee me write a thing in rime?
Or grone for *Ioane?* or ſpend a minutes time,
In pruning mee, when ſhall you heare that I will praiſe a hand, a foote

foot, a face, an eye: a gate, a ſtate, a brow, a breſt, a waſte, a legge, a limme.
Kin. Soft, Whither a-way ſo faſt?
A true man, or a theefe, that gallops ſo.
Ber. I poſt from Loue, good Louer let me go.

Enter Iaquenetta and Clowne.

Iaque. God bleſſe the King.
Kin. What preſent haſt thou there?
Clow. Some certaine treaſon.
Kin. What makes treaſon here?
Clo. Nay it makes nothing ſir.
Kin. If it marre nothing neither.
The treaſon and you goe in peace away together.
Iaque. I beſeech your Grace let this Letter be read,
Our perſon miſ-doubts it: it was treaſon he ſaid.
Kin. Berowne, read it ouer. *He reads the Letter.*
Kin. Where hadſt thou it?
Iaque. Of *Coſtard.*
King. Where hadſt thou it?
Coſt. Of *Dun Adramadio, Dun Adrimadio.*
Kin. How now, what is in you? why doſt thou teare it?
Ber. A toy my Liedge, a toy: your grace needes not feare it.
Long. It did moue him to paſſion, and therefore let's heare it.
Dum. It is *Berownes* writing, and heere is his name.
Ber. Ah you whoreſon logger head you were borne to doe me ſhame.
Guilty my Lord, guilty: I confeſſe, I confeſſe.
Kin. What?
Ber. That you three fooles, lackt mee foole, to make vp the meſſe.
He, he, and you: and you my Liedge, and I,
Are picke-purſes in loue, and we deſerue to die.
O diſmiſſe this audience, and I ſhall tell you more.
Dum. Now the number is euen.
Berow. True true, we are foure: will theſe Turtles be gone
Kin. Hence ſirs, away.
Clo. Walk aſide the true folke, and let the traytors ſtay.
Ber. Sweet Lords, ſweet Louers, O let vs imbrace,

As true we are as fleſh and bloud can be,
The Sea will ebbe and flow, heauen will ſhew his face:
Young bloud doth not obey an old decree,
We cannot croſſe the cauſe why we are borne:
Therefore of all hands muſt we be forſworne.
King. What, did theſe rent lines ſhew ſome loue of thine?
Ber. Did they quoth you? Who ſees the heauenly *Roſaline*,
That (like a rude and ſauage man of *Inde.*)
At the firſt opening of the Gorgeous Eaſt,
Bowes not his vaſſall head, and ſtrooken blinde,
Kiſſes the baſe ground with obedient breaſt?
What peremptorie Eagle-ſighted eye
Dares looke vpon the heauen of her brow,
That is not blinded by her Maieſtie?
Kin. What zeale, what furie, hath inſpir'd thee now?
My Loue (her Miſtreſſe) is a gracious Moone,
She (an attending Starre) ſcarce ſeene a light,
Ber. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Berowne*,
O, but for my Loue day would turne to night,
Of all complexions the cul'd ſouereignety,
Doe meet as at a Faire in her faire cheeke,
Where ſeuerall Worthies make one dignity,
Where nothing wants, that want it ſelfe doth ſeeke.
Lend me the floriſh of all gentle tongues,
Fie painted Rhetoricke, O ſhe needs it not,
To things of Sale a ſellers praiſe belongs:
She paſſes praiſe, then praiſe too ſhort doth blot,
A withered Hermite, fiueſcore winters worne,
Might ſhake off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varniſh Age, as if new borne,
And giues the Crutch the Cradles infancie.
O'tis the Sunne, that maketh all things ſhine.
King. By heauen, thy Loue is blacke as Ebonie.
Berow. Is Ebonie like her? O word diuine?
A wife of ſuch wood were felicitie.
O who can giue an oath? Where is a Booke?
That I may ſweare beauty doth beauty lacke,
If that ſhe learne not of her eye to looke:
No face is faire that is not full ſo blacke.

Kin. O Paradoxe, Blacke is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the Schoole of night:
And beauties creſt becomes the heauens well.
Ber. Deuils ſooneſt tempt reſembling ſpirits of light.
O if in blacke my Ladies browes be deckt,
It mournes, that painting vſurping haire
Should rauiſh doters with a falſe aſpect:
And therefore is ſhe borne to make black, faire,
Her fauour turnes the faſhion of the dayes,
For natiue bloud is counted painting now.
And therefore red, that would auoyd diſpraiſe,
Paints it ſelfe blacke, to imitate her brow.
Dum. To looke like her are Chimny-ſweepers blacke.
Lon. And ſince her time, are Colliers counted bright.
King. And *Æthiops* of their ſweet complexion cracke.
Dum. Dark needs no Candles now, for dark is light.
Ber. Your Miſtreſſes dare neuer come in raine,
For feare her colours ſhould be waſht away.
Kin. 'Twere good yours did: for ſir to tell you plaine,
Ile finde a fairer face not waſht to day.
Ber. Ile proue her faire, or talke till doomes-day here.
Kin. No Diuell will fright thee then ſo much as ſhee.
Duma. I neuer knew man hold vile ſtuffe ſo deere.
Lon. Looke heer's thy Loue, my foot and her face ſee.
Ber. O if the ſtreetes were paued with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for ſuch tread.
Duma. O vile, then as ſhe goes what vpward lies?
The ſtreet ſhould ſee as ſhe walk'd ouer head.
Kin. But what of this are we not all in loue?
Ber. O nothing ſo ſure, and thereby all forſworne.
Kin. Then leaue this chat, and good *Berowne* now proue
Our louing, lawfull, and our faith not torne.
Dum. I marry there, ſome flattery for this euill.
Long. O ſome authority how to proceed,
Some tricks, ſome quillets, how to cheat the Diuell.
Dum. Some ſalue for periurie.
Ber. O 'tis more then neede.
Haue at you then affections men at armes,
Conſider what you firſt did ſweare vnto:

To faſt, to ſtudy, and to ſee no woman:
Flat treaſon againſt the Kingly ſtate of youth.
Say, can you faſt? your ſtomacks are too young.
And abſtinence ingenders maladies.
And where that you haue vowd to ſtudie (Lords)
In that each of you haue forſworne his Booke.
Can you ſtill dreame and pore, and thereon looke.
For when would you my Lord, or you, or you,
Haue found the ground of ſtudies excellence,
Without the beautie of a womans face,
From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue,
They are the Ground, the Bookes, the Academs,
From whence doe ſpring the true *Promethean* fire,
Why, vniuerſall plodding poyſons vp,
The nimble ſpirits in the arteries,
As motion and long during action tyres
The ſinnowy vigour of the traueller.
Now for not looking on a womans face,
You haue in that forſworne the vſe of eyes,
And ſtudie too, the cauſer of your vow.
For where is any Author in the world,
Teaches ſuch beautie as a womans eye:
Learning is but an adiunct to our ſelfe,
And where we are, our Learning likewiſe is.
Then when our ſelues we ſee in Ladies eye,
With our ſelues.
Doe we not likewiſe ſee our Learning there?
O we haue made a Vow to ſtudie, Lords,
And in that vow we haue forſworne our Bookes:
For when would you (my Liege) or you, or you?
In leaden contemplation haue found out,
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
Of beauties tutors haue inricht you with:
Other ſlow Arts intirely keepe the braine:
And therfore finding barren practizers,
Scarce ſhew a harueſt of their heauie toyle.
But Loue firſt learned in a Ladies eyes,
Liues not alone emured in the braine:
But with the motion of all Elements,

Courſes

Courſes as ſwift as thought in euery power.
And giues to euery power a double power,
Aboue their functions and their offices,
It addes a precious ſeeing to the eye:
A Louers eyes will gaze an Eagle blind.
A Louers eare will heare the loweſt ſound.
When the ſuſpitious head of theft is ſtopt.
Loues feeling is more ſoft and ſenſible,
Then are the tender hornes of Cockled Snailes:
Loues tongue proues dainty, *Bacchus* groſſe in taſte,
For Valour, is not Loue a *Hercules*?
Still climing trees in the *Heſporides*.
Subtill as *Sphinx*: as ſweet and muſicall
As bright *Apollo's* Lute, ſtrung with his haire.
And when Loue ſpeakes, the voyce of all the Gods,
Make heauen drowſie with the harmonie.
Neuer durſt Poet touch a pen to write.
Vntill his Inke were tempred with Loues ſighes:
O then his lines would rauiſh ſauage eares,
And plant in Tyrants milde humilitie.
From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue.
They ſparkle ſtill the right Promethean fire,
They are the Bookes, the Arts, the Academes,
That ſhew, containe, and nouriſh all the world.
Elſe none at all in ought proues excellent.
Then fooles you were, theſe women to forſweare:
Or keeping what is ſworne, you will proue fooles,
For wiſdomes ſake a word, that all men loue:
Or for loues ſake, a word that loues all men.
Or for Mens ſake, the author of theſe Women:
Or Womens ſake, by whom we men, are Men.
Let's once looſe our oathes to find our ſelues,
Or elſe we looſe our ſelues, to keepe our oathes;
It is religion to be thus forſworne.
For Charitie it ſelfe fulfills the Law:
And who can ſeuer Loue from Charitie.

Kin. Saint *Cupid* then, and Souldiers to the field.

Ber. Aduance your ſtandards, and vpon them Lords,
Pell, mell, downe with them: but be firſt aduis'd,

In

In conflict that you get the Sunne of them.
Long. Now to plaine dealing, Lay these glozes by,
Shall we resolue to woe these girles of France?
Kin. And winne them too, therefore let vs deuise,
Some entertainment for them in their Tents.
Ber. First from the Park, let vs conduct them thither,
Then homeward euery man attach the hand
Of his faire Mistresse, in the afternoone
We will with some strange pastime solace them:
Such as the shortnesse of the time can shape,
For Reuels, Dances, Maskes, and merrie houres,
Fore-runne faire Loue, strewing her way with flowers.
Kin. Away, away, no time shall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by vs be fitted.
Ber. Alone, alone sowed Cockell, reap'd no Corne,
And Iustice alwayes whirles in equall measure:
Light Wenches may proue plagues to men forsworne,
If so our Copper buyes no better treasure. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Pedant, Curate and Dull.

Pedant. Satis quid sufficit.
Curat. I praise God for you, your reasons at dinner haue beene sharpe and sententious: pleasant without scurrilitie, witty without affection, audacious without impudencie, learned without opinion, and strange without heresie: I did conuerse this *quondam* day with a companion of the Kings, who is intituled, nominated, or called, *Don Adriano, de Armatho.*
Ped. Noui hominum tanquãte, His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptorie, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gate maiesticall, and his generall behauiour vaine, ridiculous, and thrasonicall. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odde, as it were too peregrinate, as I may call it.
Curat. A most singular and choyce Epithat,
Draw out his Table booke.
Ped. He draweth out the thred of his verbositie, finer then the

the staple of his argument. I abhor such phanaticall phantasims, such insociable and poynt deuise companions, such rackers of ortographie, as to speake dout fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt; d e b t not det: he clepeth a Calf, Cauf: halfe, hauf: neighbour *vocatur* nebour; neigh abreuiated ne: this is abhominable, which he would call abhominable: it insinuateth me of infamie: *ne intelligis Domine*, to make frantick, lunatick?
Cura. Laus deo, bene intelligo.
Peda. Bome boon for boon prescian, a little scratch, 'twil serue.

Enter Bragart, Boy.

Curat. Videsne quis venit?
Peda. Video, & gaudeo.
Brag. Chirra.
Peda. Quari Chirra, not Sirra?
Brag. Men of peace well incountred.
Ped. Most militarie sir salutation.
Boy. They haue been at a great feast of Languages, and stolne scraps.
Clow. O they haue liu'd long on the Almes-basket of words. I maruell thy M. hath not eaten thee for a word, for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus: Thou art easier swallowed then a flapdragon.
Page. Peace, the peale begins.
Brag. Mounsier, are you not lettred?
Pag. Yes, yes, he teaches boyes the Horne-booke: What is Ab spelld backward with the horne on his head?
Peda. Ba, *pueritia* with a horne added.
Pag. Ba most seely Sheepe, with a horne: you heare his learning.
Peda. Quis, quis, thou Consonant?
Page. The last of the fiue Vowels if You repeate them, or the fift if I.
Peda. I will repeate them: a e I.
Page. The sheepe, the other two concludes it o u.
Brag. Now by the salt waue of the mediteraneum, a sweet touch, a quick veine we of wit, snip snap, quick and home, it reioyceth my intellect, true wit.

Page.

Page. Offered by a childe to an olde man: which is wit-old.

Peda. What is the figure? What is the figure?

Page. Hornes.

Peda. Thou diſputes like an Infant: goe whip thy Gigge.

Pag. Lend me your Horne to make one, and I will whip about your Infamie *vnum cita* a gigge of a Cuckolds horne.

Clow. And I had but one pennie in the world, thou ſhould'ſt haue it to buy Gingerbread: Hold, there is the very Remuneration I had of thy Maſter, thou halfe pennie purſe of wit, thou Pidgeon-egge of diſcretion. O And the heauens were ſo pleaſed, that thou wert but my baſtard; what a ioyfull father would'ſt thou make mee? Goe to, thou haſt it *ad dungil*, at the fingers ends as they ſay.

Peda. Oh I ſmell falſe Latine, *dunghel*, for *vnguem*.

Brag. *Artſ-man præambulat*, we will be ſingled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the Charge-houſe on the top of the Mountaine?

Peda. Or *Mons* the hill.

Brag. At your ſweete pleaſure, for the Mountaine.

Peda. I doe *ſans queſtion*.

Bra. Sir, it is the Kings ſweet pleaſure and affection, to congratulate the Princeſſe at her Pauillion, in the *poſteriors* of this day, which the rude multitude call the after-noone.

Ped. The *Poſterior* of the day, moſt generous ſir, is liable, congruent, and meaſureable for the afternoon: the word is well culd, choſe ſweet, and apt I doe aſſure ſir, I doe aſſure.

Brag. Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my familiar, I doe aſſure you very good friend: for what is inward betweene vs, let it paſſe. I doe beſeech thee remẽber thy curteſie. I beſeech thee apparrell thy head: and among other importunate & moſt ſerious deſigns, & of great import indeed too: but let that paſſe, for I muſt tell thee it will pleaſe his Grace (by the world) ſometime to leane vpon my poore ſhoulder, and with his royall finger thus dallie with my excrement, with my muſtachio: but ſweete heart let that paſſe. By the world I recount no fable, ſome certaine ſpeciall honour ſit pleaſeth his greatneſſe to impart to *Armado* a Souldier, a man of trauell, that hath ſeene the world: but let that paſſe; the very all of all is: but ſweet heart I doe implore ſecrecie

ſecrecie, that the King would haue mee preſent the Princeſſe (ſweet chucke) with ſome delightfull oſtentation, or ſhow or pageant, or anticke, or fire-worke: Now, vnderſtanding that the Curate and your ſweet ſelfe are good at ſuch eruptions, and ſodaine breaking out of myrth (as it were) I haue acquainted you withall, to the end to craue your aſſiſtance.

Peda. Sir, you ſhall preſent before her the nine Worthies. Sir, *Holofernes*, as concerning ſome entertainment of time, ſome ſhow in the poſterior of this day, to be rendred by our aſſiſtants the Kings command: and this moſt gallant, illuſtrate and learned Gentleman, before the Princeſſe: I ſay none ſo fit as to preſent the Nine Worthies.

Curat. Where will you finde men worthie enough to preſent them?

Peda. *Ioſua*, your ſelfe: my ſelfe, and this Gallant gentleman *Iudas Maccabeus*; this Swaine (becauſe of his great limme or ioynt) ſhall paſſe *Pompey* the great, the Page *Hercules*.

Brag. Pardon ſir error: He is not quantitie enough for that Worthies thumb, he is not ſo big as the end of his Club.

Peda. Shall I haue audience? he ſhall preſent *Hercules* in minoritie: his *enter* and *exit* ſhall be ſtrangling a Snake; and I will haue an Apologie for that purpoſe.

Pag. An excellent deuice: ſo if any of the audience hiſſe, you may cry, Well done *Hercules*, now thou cruſheſt the Snake; that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few haue the grace to doe it.

Brag. For the reſt of the Worthies?

Peda. I will play three my ſelfe.

Pag. Thrice worthie Gentleman.

Brag. Shall I tell you a thing.

Peda. We attend.

Brag. We will haue, if this fadge not, an Antique, I beſeech you follow.

Ped. *Via* good-man *Dull*, thou haſt ſpoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor vnderſtood none neither ſir.

Ped. Alone, we will imploy thee.

Dull. Ile make one in a dance, or ſo: or I will play on the Tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hey.

Ped. Moſt *Dull*, honeſt *Dull*, to our ſport away. *Exit.*

Enter Ladies.

Qu. Sweet hearts we ſhall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in.
A Lady wal'd about with Diamonds: Looke you, what I haue from the Louing King.

Roſa. Madam, came nothing elſe along with that?

Qu. Nothing but this: yes as much loue in Rime,
As would be cram'd vp in a ſheet of paper
Writ on both ſides the leafe, margent and all,
That he was faine to ſeale on *Cupids* name.

Roſa. That was the way to make his God-head wax:
For he hath beene fiue thouſand yeeres a Boy.

Kath. I, and a ſhrewd vnhappie gallowes too.

Roſ. You'll neere be friends with him, a kild your ſiſter.

Kath. He made her melancholy, ſad, and heauy, and ſo ſhe died: had ſhe beene Light like you, of ſuch a merrie nimble ſtirring ſpirit, ſhe might a bin a Grandam ere ſhe died. And ſo may you: For a light heart liues long.

Roſ. What's your darke meaning mouſe, of this light word?

Kat. A light condition in a beautie darke.

Roſe. We need more light to finde your meaning out.

Kat. You'll marre the light by taking it in ſnuffe:
Therefore Ile darkely end the argument.

Roſ. Look what you doe, you doe it ſtill i'th darke.

Kat. So do not you, for you are a light Wench.

Roſ. Indeed I waigh not you, and therefore light.

Ka. You waigh me not, O that's, you care not for me.

Roſ. Great reaſon: for paſt care, is ſtill paſt cure.

Qu. Well bandied both, a ſet of Wit well played.
But *Roſaline*, you haue a fauour too.
Who ſent it? and what is it?

Roſ. I would you knew.
And if my face were but as faire as yours,
My Fauour were as great, be witneſſe this.
Nay, I haue verſes too, I thanke *Berowne*,
The numbers true, and were the numbring too,
I were the faireſt Goddeſſe on the ground.

I am compar'd to twenty thouſand fairs.
O he hath drawne my picture in his letter.

Qu. Any thing like?

Roſ. Much in the letters, nothing in the praiſe.

Qu. Beauteous, as Ineke: a good concluſion.

Kat. Faire as a text B. in a Coppie booke.

Roſ. Ware penſils. How? Let me not die your debtor,
My red Dominicall, my golden Letter.
O that your face were full of Oes.

Qu. A Pox of that ieſt, and I beſhrew all Shrowes:
But *Katherine*, what was ſent to you
From faire *Dumaine*?

Kat. Madame, this Gloue.

Qu. Did he not ſend you twaine?

Kat. Yes Madame and moreouer,
Some thouſand Verſes of a faithfull Louer.
A huge tranſlation of Hypocriſie,
Vildly compiled, profound ſimplicitie.

Mar. This, and theſe Pearls, to me ſent *Longauile*.
The Letter is too long by halfe a mile.

Qu. I thinke no leſſe: doſt thou wiſh in heart
The Chaine were Longer, and the Letter ſhort.

Mar. I, or I would theſe hands might neuer part.

Quee. We are wiſe girles to mocke our Louers ſo.

Roſ. They are worſe fooles to purchaſe mocking ſo.
That ſame *Berowne* ile torture ere I goe.
O that I knew he were but in by th'weeke,
How I would make him fawne, and begge, and ſeeke,
And waite the ſeaſon, and obſerue the times,
And ſpend his prodigall wits in bootles rimes.
And ſhape his ſeruice wholly to my deuice,
And make him proud, to make me proud that ieſts.
So pertaunt like would I o'reſway his ſtate,
That he ſhould be my foole, and I his fate.

Qu. None are ſo ſurely caught, when they are catcht,
As wit turn'd foole, follie in Wiſdome hatch'd:
Hath wiſdomes warrant, and the helpe of Schoole,
And Wits one grace to grace a learned Foole?

Roſ. The bloud of youth burns not with ſuch exceſſe,

As Grauities reuolt to wantons be.
Mar. Follie in Fooles beares not ſo ſtrong a note,
As fool'ry in the wiſe, when Wit doth dote:
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To proue by Wit, worth in ſimplicitie.

Enter Boyet.

Qu. Heere comes *Boyet*, and mirth in his face.
Boy. O I am ſtab'd with laughter, Wher's her grace?
Qu. Thy newes *Boyet*?
Boy. Prepare Madame, prepare.
Arme Wenches, arme, incounters mounted are
Againſt your peace, Loue doth approach, diſguis'd:
Armed in arguments, you'll be ſurpriz'd.
Muſter your Wits, ſtand in your owne defence,
Or hide your heads like Cowards, and flie hence.
Qu. Saint *Dennis* to S. *Cupid*: What are they
That charge their breath againſt vs? Say ſcout ſay.
Boy. Vnder the coole ſhade of a Siccamore,
I thought to cloſe mine eyes ſome halfe an houre:
When lo to interrupt my purpos'd reſt,
Toward that ſhade I might behold addreſt
The King and his companions: warely
I ſtole into a neighbour thicket by,
And ouer-heard, what you ſhall ouer-heare:
That by and by diſguis'd they will be heere.
Their Herald is a prettie knauiſh Page:
That well by heart hath con'd his Embaſſage,
Action and accent did they teach him there.
Thus muſt thou ſpeake, and thus thy body beare,
And euer and anon they made a doubt,
Preſence Maieſticall would put him out:
For quoth the King, an Angell ſhalt thou ſee:
Yet feare not thou, but ſpeake audaciouſly.
The Boy reply'd, an Angell is not euill:
I ſhould haue fear'd her, had ſhee beene a deuill.
With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the ſhoulder:
Making the bold wagg by their prayſes bolder.
One rub'd his elboe thus, and fleer'd, and ſwore,

A better ſpeech was neuer ſpoke before.
Another with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd *via*, we will doo't, come what will come.
The third he caper'd and cried all goes well.
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and downe he fell:
With that they all did tumble on the ground,
With ſuch a zealous laughter ſo profound,
That in this ſpleene ridiculous appeares,
To checke their folly paſſions ſolemne teares.
Quee. But what, but what, come they to viſit vs?
Boy. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,
Like *Muſcouites*, or *Ruſſians*, as I geſſe.
Their purpoſe is to parlee, to court, and dance,
And euery one his Loue-ſeat will aduance,
Vnto his ſeuerall Miſtres: which they'll know
By fauors ſeuerall, which they did beſtow.
Queen. And will they ſo? the Gallants ſhall be taſkt:
For Ladies; we will euery one be maſkt,
And not a man of them ſhall haue the grace
Deſpight of ſute, to ſee a Ladies face.
Hold *Roſaline*, this Fauour thou ſhalt weare,
And then the King will court thee for his Deare:
Hold, take thou this my Sweet, and giue me thine;
So ſhall *Berowne* take me for *Roſaline*.
And change your Fauours too, ſo ſhall your Loues
Woo contrary, deceiu'd by theſe remoues.
Roſa. Come on then, weare the fauours moſt in ſight.
Kath. But in this changing, What is your intent?
Queene. The effect of my intent is to croſſe theirs:
They doe it but in mocking merriment,
And mocke for mocke is onely my intent.
Their ſeuerall counſels they vnboſome ſhall,
To Loues miſtooke, and ſo be mockt withall.
Vpon the next occaſion that we meete,
With Viſages diſplayd, to talke and greete,
Roſa. But ſhall we dance, if they deſire vs too't?
Queen. No, to the death we will not moue a foot,
Nor to their pen'd ſpeech render we no grace:
But while 'tis ſpoke, each turne away his face.

Boy. Why that contempt will kill the keepers heart,
And quite diuorce his memory from his part.
Quee. Therefore I doe it, and I make no doubt,
The reſt will ere come in, if he be out.
Theres no ſuch ſport, as ſport by ſport orethrowne:
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our owne.
So ſhall we ſtay mocking intended Game,
And they well mockt, depart away with ſhame. *Sound.*
Boy. The Trumpet ſounds, be maskt, the maskers come.

Enter Black-moores with muſicke the Boy with a ſpeech, and the reſt of the Lords diſguiſed.

Page, All haile the richeſt Beauties on the earth.
Ber. Beauties no richer then rich Taffata.
Pag. A holy parcell of the faireſt dames that euer turn'd their backes to mortall viewes.
The Ladies turne their backes to him.
Ber. Their eyes villaine, their eyes.
Pag. That euer turn'd their eyes to mortall viewes. Out
Boy. True, out indeed.
Pag. Out of your fauours heauenly ſpirits vouchſafe Not to beholde.
Ber. Once to behold, rogue.
Pag. Once to behold with your Sunne-beamed eyes, With your Sunne-beamed eyes.
Boy. They will not anſwer to that Epithite,
You were beſt call it daughter beamed eyes.
Pag. They doe not marke me, and that brings me out.
Bero. Is this your perfectneſſe? be gon you rogue.
Roſa. What would theſe ſtrangers?
Know their mindes *Boyet.*
If they doe ſpeake our language, 'tis our will
That ſome plaine man recount their purpoſes.
Know what they would?
Boyet. What would you with the Princes?
Ber. Nothing but peace, and gentle viſitation.
Roſ. What would they, ſay they?
Boy. Nothing but peace, and gentle viſitation.
Roſa. Why that they haue, and bid them ſo be gon.

Boy.

Boy. Shee ſayes you haue it, and you may be gon.
Kin. Say to her we haue meaſur'd many miles,
To tread a Meaſure with you on the graſſe.
Boy. They ſay that they haue meaſur'd many a mile,
To tread a Meaſure with you on this graſſe.
Roſa. It is not ſo. Aske them how many inches
Is in one mile? If they haue meaſur'd many,
The meaſure then of one is eaſlie told.
Boy. If to come hither you haue meaſur'd miles,
And many miles: the Princeſſe bids you tell,
How many inches doth fill vp one mile?
Ber. Tell her we meaſure them by weary ſteps.
Boy. She heares her ſelfe.
Roſa. How many weary ſteps,
Of many weary miles you haue ore-gone;
Are numbred in the trauell of one mile?
Bero. We number nothing that we ſpend for you,
Our dutie is ſo rich, ſo infinite,
That we may doe it ſtill without accompt;
Vouchſafe to ſhew the Sunſhine of your face,
That we (like ſauages) may worſhip it.
Roſa. My face is but a Moone and clouded too.
Kin. Bleſſed are clouds, to doe as ſuch clouds do.
Vouchſafe bright moone, and theſe thy ſtars to ſhine,
(Thoſe clouds remoued) vpon our waterie eyne.
Roſa. O vaine peticioner, beg a greater matter,
Thou now requeſts but Mooneſhine in the water.
Kin. Then in our meaſure, vouchſafe but one change.
Thou bid'ſt me begge, this begging is not ſtrange.
Roſa. Play muſicke then, nay you muſt doe it ſoone.
Not yet no dance: thus change I like the Moone.
Kin. Will you not dance? How come you thus eſtranged?
Roſa. You tooke the Moone at full, but now ſhe's changed?
Kin. Yet ſtill ſhe is the Moone, and I the Man.
Roſa. The muſicke playes, vouchſafe ſome motion to it:
Our eares vouchſafe it.
Kin. But your legges ſhould doe it.
Roſ. Since you are ſtrangers, and come heere by chance,
Wee'll not be nice, take hands, we will not dance.

Kin.

Kin. Why take you hands then?
Rosa. Onely to part friends.
Curtesie sweet hearts, and so the Measure ends.
Kin. More measure of this measure, be not nice.
Rosa. We can afford no more at such a price.
Kin. Prise your selues: What buyes your companie?
Rosa. Your absence onely.
Kin. That can neuer be.
Rosa. Then cannot we be bought: and so adue,
Twice to your Visore, and halfe once to you.
Kin. If you denie to dance, let's hold more chat.
Rosa. In priuate then.
Kin. I am best pleas'd with that.
Be. White-handed Mistris, one sweet word with thee.
Qu. Hony, and Milke, and Suger: there is three.
Ber. Nay then two treyes, and if you grow so nice
Methegline, Wort, and Malmesey; well runne dice:
There's halfe a dozen sweets.
Qu. Seuenth sweet adue, since you can cogg,
Ile play no more with you.
Ber. One word in secret.
Qu. Let it not be sweet.
Ber. Thou griev'st my gall.
Qu. Gall bitter.
Ber. Therefore meete.
Du. Will you vouchsafe with mee to change a word?
Mar. Name it.
Dum. Faire Ladie.
Mar. Say you so? Faire Lord:
Take you that for your faire Lady.
Du. Please it you,
As much in priuate, and Ile bid adieu.
Mar. What, was your Vizard made without a tong?
Long. I know the reason Lady why you aske.
Mar. O for your reason, quickly sir, I long.
Long. You haue a double tongue within your mask.
And would affoord my speechlesse vizard halfe.
Mar. Veale quoth the Dutch-man: is not Veale a Calfe?
Long. A Calfe faire Ladie?

Mar. No, a faire Lord Calfe.
Long. Let's part the word.
Mar. No, Ile not be your halfe:
Take all and weane it, it may proue an Oxe.
Long. Looke how you but your selfe in these sharpe mo
Will you giue hornes chast Ladie? Do not so.
Mar. Then die a Calfe before your horns do grow.
Lon. One word in priuate with you ere I die.
Mar. Bleat softly then; the Butcher heares you cry.
Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keene
As is the Razors edge, inuisible:
Cutting a smaller haire then may be seene,
Aboue the sence of sence so sensible:
Seemeth their conference, their conceits haue wings,
Fleeter then arrowes, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.
Rosa. Not one word more, my maides, breake off, breake off.
Ber. By heauen, all drie beaten with pure scoffe.
King. Farewell madde Wenches you haue simple wits.

Exeunt.

Qu. Twentie adieus my frozen Muscouites.
Are these the breed of wits so wondred at?
Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet breathes puft out.
Rosa. Wel-liking wits they haue, grosse, grosse, fat, fat.
Qu. O pouertie in wit, Kingly poore flout,
Will they not (thinke you) hang themselues to night?
Or euer but in vizardes shew their faces:
This pert *Berowne* was out of count'nance quite.
Rosa. They were all in lamentable cases.
The King was weeping ripe for a good word.
Qu. *Berowne* did sweare himselfe out of all sute.
Mar. *Dumaine* was at my seruice, and his sword:
No poynt (quoth I:) my seruant straight was mute.
Ka. Lord *Longauill* said I came ore his heart:
And trow you what he call'd me?
Qu. Qualme perhaps.
Kat. Yes in good faith.
Qu. Go sickneſſe as thou art.
Ros. Well better wits haue worne plaine statute caps,
But will you heare; the King is my loue sworne.

Qu. And quicke *Berowne* hath plighted faith to me.
Kat. And *Longauill* was for my ſeruice borne.
Mar. *Dumaine* is mine as ſure as barke on tree.
Boyet. Madam, and pretty Miſtreſſes giue eare,
Immediately they will againe be heere
In their owne ſhapes: for it can neuer be,
They will digeſt this harſh indignitie.
Qu. Will they returne?
Boy. They will, they will, God knowes,
And leape for ioy, though they are lame with blowes;
Therefore change Fauours, and when they repaire,
Blow like ſweet Roſes in this ſummer aire,
Qu. How blow? how blow? Speake to be vnderſtood.
Boy. Faire Ladies maskt, are Roſes in their bud:
Diſmaskt, their damaske ſweet commixture ſhowne,
Are Angels vailing clouds, or Roſes blowne.
Qu. Auant perplexitie; What ſhall we do,
If they returne in their owne ſhapes to wo?
Roſa. Good Madam, if by me you'l be aduiſed,
Let's mocke them ſtill as well knowne as diſguis'd:
Let vs complaine to them what fooles were heere,
Diſguis'd like Muſcouites in ſhapeleſſe geare:
And wonder what they weare, and to what end
Their ſhallow ſhowes, and prologue vildely pen'd:
And their rough carriage ſo ridiculous,
Should be preſented at our Tent to vs.
Boyet. Ladies, with draw: the gallants are at hand.
Quee. Whip to our Tents, as Roes runne ore Land.

Exeunt.

Enter the King and the reſt.

King. Faire ſir, God ſaue you. Wher's the Princeſſe?
Boy. Gone to her tent.
Pleaſe it your Maieſtie command me any ſeruice to her,
King. That ſhe vouchſafe me audience for one word.
Boy. I will and ſo will ſhe, I know my Lord. *Exit.*
Ber. This fellow pickes vp wit, as Pigeons peaſe,
And vtters it againe, when *Ioue* doth pleaſe.
He is Wits Pedler, and retailes his Wares,

At Wakes, and Waſſels, Meetings, Markets, Faires,
And we that ſell by groſſe, the Lord doth know,
Haue not the grace to grace it with ſuch ſhow.
This Gallant pins the Wenches on his ſleeue.
Had he bin *Adam*, he had tempted *Eue*.
He can carue too, and liſpe: Why this is he.
That kiſt away his hand in courteſie.
This is the Ape of forme, Mounſier the nice.
That when he playes at Tables, chides the Dice
In honourable tearmes, nay he can ſing
A meane moſt meanly, and in Vſhering
Mend him who can: the Ladies call him ſweet.
The ſtaires as he treads on them kiſſe his feete.
This is the flower that ſmiles on euery one,
To ſhew his teeth as white as Whales bone.
And conſciences that will not die in debt,
Pay him the duty of honie-tongued *Boyet*.
King. A bliſter on his ſweet tongue with my hart,
That put *Armathoes* Page out of his part.

Enter the Ladies.

Ber. See where it comes. Behauiour what wer't thou,
Till this madman ſhew'd thee? And what art thou now?
King. All haile ſweet Madame, and faire time of day.
Qu. Faire in all Haile is foule, as I conceiue.
King. Conſtrue my ſpeeches better, if you may.
Qu. Then wiſh me better, I will giue leaue.
King. We came to viſit you and purpoſe now
To leade you to our Court, vouchſafe it then.
Qu. This field ſhall hold me, and ſo hold your vow,
Nor God, nor I, delights in periur'd men.
King. Rebuke me not for that which you prouoke:
The vertue of your eye muſt breake my oath.
Qu. You nickname vertue: vice you ſhould haue ſpoke:
For vertues office neuer breakes men troth.
Now by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the vnſallied Lilly, I proteſt,
A world of torments though I ſhould endure,
I would not yeeld to be your houſes gueſt:

So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heauenly oath, vow'd with integritie.
Kin. O you haue liu'd in desolation heere,
Vnseene, vnuisited, much to our shame.
Qu. Not so my Lord, it is not so I sweare,
We haue had pastimes heere and pleasant game,
A messe of Russions left vs but of late.
Kin. How Madam? Russians?
Qu. I in truth my Lord.
Trim gallants, full of Courtship and of state.
Rosa. Madam speake true. It is not so my Lord:
My Ladie (to the manner of the daies)
In curtesie giues vndeseruing praise.
We foure indeed confronted were with foure
In Russia habit: Heere they stayed an houre,
And talk'd apace: and in that houre (my Lord)
They did not blesse vs with one happy word.
I dare not call them fooles: but this I thinke.
When they are thirstie, fooles would faine haue drinke.
Ber. This iest is drie to me. Gentle sweet,
Your wits makes wise things foolish when we greet
With eyes best seeing, heauens fiery eye:
By light we loose light: your capacity
Is of that nature, that to your huge store,
Wise things seeme foolish, and rich things but poore.
Ros. This proues you wise and rich: for in my eye.
Ber. I am a foole, and full of povertie.
Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.
Ber. O, I am yours, and all that I possesse.
Ros. All the foole mine.
Ber. I cannot giue you lesse.
Ros. Which of the Vizards was it that you wore?
Ber. Where? when? what Vizard?
Why demand you this?
Ros. There, then, that vizard, that superfluous case,
That hid the worse, and shew'd the better face.
Kin. We are discried,
They'll mocke vs now downeright.

Du.

Du. Let vs confesse and turne it to a iest.
Que. Amaz'd my Lord, Why lookes your Highnesse sadde?
Rosa. Helpe hold his browes, he'l sound: why looke you pale?
Sea-sicke I thinke, comming from Muscouie.
Ber. Thus poure the starres down plagues for periury.
Can any face of brasse hold longer out,
Heere stand I, Ladie dart thy skill at me,
Bruise me with scorne, confound me with a flout.
Thrust thy scarpe wit quite through my ignorance.
Cut me to peeces with thy keene conceit:
And I will wish thee neuer more to dance,
Nor neuer more in Russian habit waite.
O! neuer will I trust to speeches pen'd,
Nor to the motion of a Schoole-boyes tongue,
Nor neuer come in vizard to my friend,
Nor woo in rime like a blind-harpers song.
Taffata phrases, silken tearmes precise,
Three-pil'd Hyperboles, spruce affection;
Figures pedanticall, these summer flies,
Haue blowne me full of maggot ostentation.
I do forsweare them, and I heere protest,
By this white Gloue (how white the hand God knows)
Henceforth my woing minde shall be expresst
In russet yeas, and honest kersie noes.
And to begin Wench, so God helpe me law,
My loue to thee is sound, *sans* cracke or flaw.
Rosa. Sans, sans, I pray you.
Ber. Yet I haue a tricke
Of the old rage: beare with me, I am sicke.
Ile leaue it by degrees: soft, let vs see,
Write *Lord haue mercy on vs*, on those three,
They are infected, in their hearts it lies:
They haue the plague, and caught of your eyes:
These Lords are visited, you are not free:
For the Lords tokens on you doe I see.
Qu. No, they are free that gaue these tokens to vs.
Ber. Our states are forfeit, seeke not to vndoe vs.
Ros. It is not so; for how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue.

Ber.

Ber. Peace, for I will not haue to doe with you.
Roſ. Nor ſhall not, if I doe as I intend.
Ber. Speake for your ſelues, my wit is at an end.
King. Teach vs ſweet Madame, for our rude tranſgreſſion, ſome faire excuſe.
Qu. The faireſt is confeſſion.
Were you not here but euen now diſguis'd?
Kin. Madam, I was.
Qu. And were you well aduis'd?
Kin. I was faire Madam.
Qu. When you then were heere,
What did you whiſper in your Ladies eare?
King. That more then all the world I did reſpect her.
Qu. When ſhe ſhall challenge this you will reiect her.
King. Vpon mine Honour no.
Qu. Peace, peace, forbeare:
Your oath once broke, you force not to forſweare.
King. Deſpiſe me when I breake this oath of mine.
Qu. I will and therefore keepe it *Roſaline*,
What did the Ruſſian whiſper in your eare?
Roſ. Madam, he ſwore that he did hold me deare
As precious eye-ſight, and did value me
Aboue this world: adding thereto moreouer,
That he would wed me, or elſe die my Louer.
Qu. God giue thee ioy of him: the Noble Lord
Moſt honourably doth vphold his word.
Kin. What meane you Madame?
By my life, my troth,
I neuer ſwore this Ladie ſuch an oth.
Roſ. By heauen you did; and to confirme it plaine
you gaue me this: But take it ſir againe.
King. My faith and this, the Princeſſe I did giue,
I knew her by this Iewell on her ſleeue.
Qu. Pardon me ſir, this Iewell did ſhe weare,
And Lord *Berowne* (I thanke him) is my deare.
What? Will you haue me, or your Pearle againe?
Ber. Neither of either I remit both twaine.
I ſee the tricke on't: Heere was a conſent,
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,

To daſh it like a Chriſtmas Comedie.
Some carry-tale, ſome pleaſe-man, ſome ſlight Zanie,
Some mumble-newes, ſome trencher-knight, ſome Dick,
That ſmiles his cheeke in yeeres, and knowes the trick
To make my Ladie laugh, when ſhe's diſpos'd;
Told our intents before: which once diſclos'd,
The Ladies did change Fauours, and then we
Following the ſignes, woo'd but the ſigne of ſhe.
Now to our periurie, to adde more terror,
We are againe forſworne in will and error.
Much vpon this tis: and might not you
Foreſtall our ſport, to make vs thus vntrue?
Doe you not know my Ladies foot by'th ſquier?
And laugh vpon the apple of her eye.
And ſtand betweene her backe ſir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, ieſting merrilie?
You put our Page out: go, you are alowd.
Die when you will, a ſmocke ſhall be your ſhrowd.
You leere vpon me, doe you? there's an eye
Wounds like a leaden ſword.
Boy. Full merrily hath this braue Manager, this carreere bene run.
Ber. Loe, he is tilting ſtraight. Peace, I haue don.

Enter Clowne.

Welcome pure wit, thou part'ſt a faire fray.
Clo. O Lord ſir, they would know.
Whether the three Worthies ſhall come in, or no.
Ber. What, are there but three?
Clo. No ſir, but it is vara fine,
For euerie one purſents three.
Ber. And three times thrice is nine.
Clo. Not ſo ſir, vnder correction ſir, I hope it is not ſo.
You cannot beg vs ſir, I can aſſure you ſir, we know what we know: I hope ſir three times thrice ſir.
Ber. Is not nine.
Clow. Vnder correction ſir, we know where-vntill it doth amount.
Ber. By Ioue, I alwayes tooke three threes for nine.

Clow. O Lord ſir, it were pittie you ſhould get your liuing by reckning ſir.

Ber. How much is it?

Clow. O Lord ſir, the parties themſelues, the actors ſir will ſhew where-vntill it doth amount: for mine owne part, I am (as they ſay, but to perfect one man in one poore man) *Pompion* the great ſir.

Ber. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Clow. It pleaſed them to thinke me worthy of *Pompey* the great: for mine owne part, I know not the degree of the Worthie, but I am to ſtand for him,

Ber. Go, bid them prepare. *Exit.*

Clo. We will turne it finely off ſir, we will take ſome care.

King. Berowne, they will ſhame vs:
Let them not approach.

Ber. We are ſhame-proofe my Lord: and 'tis ſome policie, to haue one ſhew worſe then the Kings and his company.

Kin. I ſay they ſhall not come.

Qu. Nay my good Lord, let me ore-rule you now;
That ſport beſt pleaſes, that doth leaſt know how.
Where Zeale ſtriues to content, and the contents
Dies in the Zeale of that which it preſents:
Their forme confounded, makes moſt forme in mirth,
When great things labouring periſh in their birth,

Ber. A right deſcription of our ſport my Lord.

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Annoynted, I implore ſo much expence of thy royall ſweet breath, as will vtter a brace of words.

Qu. Doth this man ſerue God?

Ber. Why aske you?

Qu. He ſpeak's not like a man of God's making.

Brag. That's all one, my faire ſweet honie Monarch: For I proteſt the Schoolmaſter is exceeding fantaſticall: Too too vaine, too too vaine. But we will put it (as they ſay) to *Fortuna de la guar*, I wiſh you the peace of minde moſt royall complement.

King. Here is like to be a good preſence of Worthies; He preſents *Hector* of Troy, the Swaine *Pompey* the great, the Pariſh

Pariſh Curate *Alexander*, *Armadoes* Page *Hercules*, the Pedant *Iudas Machabeus*: And if theſe foure Worthies in their firſt ſhew thriue, theſe foure will change habites, and preſent the other fiue.

Ber. There is fiue in the firſt ſhew.

Kin. You are deceiued, tis not ſo.

Ber. The Pedant, the Braggart, the Hedge-Prieſt, the foole, and the Boy,
Abate throw at Novum, and the whole world againe,
Cannot pricke out fiue ſuch, take each one in's vaine.

Kin. The ſhip is vnder ſaile, and here ſhe comes amain.

Enter Pompey.

Clow. I Pompey am.

Ber. You lie, you are not he.

Clow. I Pompey am.

Boy. With Libbards head on knee.

Ber. Well ſaid old mocker,
I muſt needs be friends with thee.

Clow. I Pompey am, Pompey ſurnam'd the big.

Du. The great.

Clow. It is great ſir: *Pompey ſurnam'd the great:*
That oft in field, with Targe and Shield,
did make my foe to ſweat:
And trauelling along this coaſt, I heere am come by chance,
And lay my Armes before the legs of this ſweet Laſſe of France.
If your Ladiſhip would ſay thankes *Pompey*, I had done.

La. Great thankes great *Pompey*.

Clow. Tis not ſo much worth: but I hope I was perfect. I made a litle fault in great.

Ber. My hat to a halfe-penie, Pompey proues the beſt Worthie.

Enter Curate for Alexander.

Curat. When in the world I liu'd, I was the worlds Commander:
By Eaſt, Weſt, North, & South, I ſpred my conquering might.
My Scutcheon plaine declares that I am Aliſander.

Boyet. Your noſe ſayes no, you are not:
For it ſtands too right.

Ber. Your noſe ſmels no, in this moſt tender ſmelling Knight.

Qu. The Conqueror is diſmaid:
Proceed good *Alexander*.

Cur. When in the world I liued, I was the worlds Commander.

Boyet. Moſt true, 'tis right: you were ſo *Aliſander*.

Ber. Pompey the great.

Clo. Your ſeruant and *Coſtard*.

Ber. Take away the Conqueror, take away *Aliſander*.

Clow. O ſir you haue ouerthrowne *Aliſander* the conqueror: you will be ſcrap'd out of the painted cloth for this: your lion that holds his Pollax ſitting on a cloſe-ſtoole, will be giuen to Aiax. He will be the ninth worthie. A Conqueror? and afraid to ſpeake? Runne away for ſhame *Aliſander*. There an't ſhall pleaſe you: a fooliſh milde man, an honeſt man, looke you, and ſoone daſht. He is a maruellous good neighbour in ſooth, and a very good Bowler: but for *Aliſandar*, alas you ſee, how 'tis a little ore-parted. But there are Worthies a comming will ſpeake their minde in ſome other ſort. *Exit Clo.*

Qu. Standaſide good Pompey.

Enter Pedant for Iudas, and the Boy for Hercules.

Ped. Great *Hercules* is preſented by this Impe.
Whoſe Club kil'd *Cerberus* that three-headed *Canus*,
And when he was a babe, a childe, a ſhrimpe,
Thus did he ſtrangle Serpents in his *Manus*:
Quoniam, he ſeemeth in minoritie,
Ergo, I come with this Apologie.
Keepe ſome ſtate in thy *Exit*, and vaniſh. *Exit Boy.*

Ped. Iudas *I am.*

Dum. A Iudas?

Ped. Not *Iſcariot* ſir.
Iudas I am, yclyped Machabeus.

Dum. *Iudas Machabeus* clipt, is plaine Iudas.

Ber. A kiſſing Traitor. How art thou prou'd *Iudas*?

Ped. *Iudas I am.*

Dum. The more ſhame for you *Iudas*.

Ped. What meane you ſir.?

Boy. To make *Iudas* hang himſelfe.

Ped. Begin ſir, you are my elder.

Ber. Well follow'd, *Iudas* was hang'd on an Elder.

Ped.

Ped. I will not be put of countenance.

Ber. Becauſe thou haſt no face.

Ped. What is this?

Boy. A Citterne head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Ber. A deaths face in a ring.

Lon. The face of an old Roman coine, ſcarce ſeene.

Boy. The Pummell of *Cæſars* Faulchion.

Dum. The caru'd-bone face on a Flaske.

Ber. Saint Georges halfe cheeke in a brooch.

Dum. I, and in a brooch of Lead.

Ber. I, and worne in the cap of a Tooth-drawer.
And now forward, for we haue put thee in countenance.

Ped. You haue put me out of countenance.

Ber. Falſe, we haue giuen thee faces.

Ped. But you haue out-fac'd them all.

Ber. And thou wert a Lion, we would do ſo.

Boy. Therefore as he is an Aſſe, let him goe:
And ſo adieu ſweet *Iude*. Nay, why doſt thou ſtay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Ber. For the *Aſſe* to the *Iude*: giue it him. *Iud-as* away.

Ped. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boy. A light for mounſier *Iudas*, it growes dark, he may ſtumble.

Qu. Alas poore *Machabeus*, how hath he beene baited.

Enter Braggart.

Ber. Hide thy head *Achilles*, heere comes *Hector* in Armes.

Dum. Though my mockes come home by me, I will now be merrie.

King. *Hector* was but a Troyan in reſpect of this.

Boy. But is this *Hector*?

Kin. I thinke *Hector* was not ſo cleane timber'd.

Lon. His legge is too big for *Hector*.

Dum. More Calfe certaine.

Boy. No he is beſt indued in the ſmall.

Ber. This cannot be *Hector*.

Dum. He's a God or a Painter, for he makes faces.

Ber. *The Armipotent Mars, of Launces the almighty, gaue Hector a gift.*

Dum. A gilt Nutmegge.
Ber. A Lemmon.
Lon. Stucke with Cloues.
Dum. No clouen.
Brag. The Armipotent Mars of Launces the almighty,
Gaue Hector a gift, the heire of Illion;
A man so breathed, that certaine he would fight: yea
From morne till night, out of his Pauillion.
I am that Flower.
Dum. That Mint.
Long. That Cullambine.
Brag. Sweet Lord *Longauill*, reine thy tongue.
Lon. I must rather giue it the reine: for it runs against *Hector.*
Dum. I, and *Hector's* a Grey-hound.
Brag. The sweet War-man is dead and rotten,
Sweet chuckes, beat not the bones of the buried:
But I will forward with my deuice;
Sweet Royaltie bestow on me the sence of hearing.

Berowne steps forth.

Qu. Speake braue Hector, we are much delighted.
Brag. I doe adore thy sweet Graces slipper.
Boy. Loues her by the foot.
Dum. He may not by the yard.
Brag. This Hector farre surmounted Hannibal.
The partie is gone.
Clow. Fellow *Hector*, she is gone; she is two moneths on her way.
Brag. What meanest thou?
Clow. Faith vnlesse you play the honest Troyan, the poore Wench is cast away: she's quicke, the child brags in her belly already: 'tis yours
Brag. Dost thou infamonize me among Potentates?
Thou shalt die.
Clow. Then shall Hector be whipt for *Iaquenetta* that is quicke by him, and hang'd for *Pompey*, that is dead by him.
Dum. Most rare *Pompey.*
Boy. Renowned *Pompey.*
Ber. Greater then great, great, great, great, *Pompey*: *Pompey* the huge.

Dum.

Dum. Hector trembles.
Ber. Pompey is moued, more Atees more Atees stirre them, or stirre them on.
Dum. Hector will challenge him.
Ber. I, if a'haue no more mans blood in's belly, then will sup a Flea.
Brag. By the North-pole I do challenge thee.
Clo. I will not fight with a pole like a Northern man; Ile slash, Ile doe it by the sword: I pray you let me borrow my Armes againe.
Dum. Roome for the incensed Worthies.
Clo. Ile doe it in my shirt.
Dum. Most resolute *Pompey.*
Pag. Master, let me take you a butten hoole lower: Do you not see *Pompey* is vncasing for the combat: what meane you? you will lose your reputation.
Brag. Gentlemen and Souldiers pardon me, I will not combat in my shirt.
Du. You may not denie it, *Pompey* hath made the challenge.
Brag. Sweet bloods, I both may, and will.
Ber. What reason haue you for't?
Brag. The naked truth of it is, I haue no shirt.
I go woolward for penance.
Boy. True, and it was inioyned him in *Rome* for want of Linnen: since when, Ile besworne he wore none, but a dishclout of *Iaquenettas*, and that he weares next his heart for a fauour.

Enter a Messenger, Mounsier Marcade.

Mar. God saue you Madame.
Qu. Welcome *Marcade*, but that thou interruptest our merriment.
Marc. I am sorrie Madam, for the newes I bring is heauy in my tongue. The King your father.
Qu. Dead for my life.
Mar. Euen so: My tale is told.
Ber. Worthies away, the Scene begins to cloud.
Brag. For mine owne part, I breath free breath: I haue seene the day of wrong, through the little hole of discretion, and I will right my selfe like a Souldier. *Exunt Worthies.*
Kin. How fare's your Maiestie?

Qu. *Boyet* prepare, I will away to night.
Kin. Madam not ſo, I doe beſeech you ſtay.
Qu. Prepare I ſay. I thanke you gracious Lords
For all your faire endeuours and intreats:
Out of a new ſad-ſoule, that you vouchſafe,
In your rich wiſdome to excuſe, or hide,
The liberall oppoſition of our ſpirits,
If ouer-boldly we haue borne our ſelues,
In the conuerſe of breath (your gentleneſſe
Was guiltie of it.) Farewell worthie Lord:
A heauy heart beares not a humble tongue.
Excuſe me ſo, comming ſo ſhort of thankes,
For my great ſuite ſo eaſily obtain'd.
Kin. The extreame parts of time, extreamely formes
All cauſes to the purpoſe of his ſpeed:
And often at his verie looſe decides
That, which long proceſſe could not arbitrate.
And though the mourning brow of progenie
Forbid the ſmiling curteſie of Loue:
The holy ſuite which faine it would conuince,
Yet ſince Loues argument was firſt on foote,
Let not the cloud of ſorrow iuſtle it
From what it purpos'd: ſince to waile friends loſt,
Is not by much ſo wholſome, profitable,
As to reioyce at friends but newly found.
Qu. I vnderſtand you not, my greefes are double.
Ber. Honeſt plaine words, beſt pierce the eares of griefe
And by theſe badges vnderſtand the King.
For your faire ſakes haue we neglected time,
Plaid foule play with our oathes: your beautie Ladies
Hath much deformed vs, faſhioning our humors
Euen to the oppoſed end of our intents.
And what in vs hath ſeem'd ridiculous:
As Loue is full of vnbefitting ſtraines,
All wanton as a childe, skipping and vaine.
Form'd by the eye, and therefore like the eie.
Full of ſtraying ſhapes, of habits, and of formes
Varying in ſubiects as the eie doth roule,
To euerie varied obiect in his glance:

Which partie-coated preſence of looſe loue.
Put on by vs, if in your heauenly eies,
Haue misbecomm'd our oathes and grauities.
Thoſe heauenly eyes that looke into theſe faults,
Suggeſted vs to make: therefore Ladies
Our Loue being yours, the error that Loue makes
Is likewiſe yours, we to our ſelues proue falſe,
By being once falſe, for euer to be true.
To thoſe that make vs both, Faire Ladies you,
And euen that falſhood in it ſelfe a ſinne,
Thus purifies it ſelfe, and turnes to grace.
Qu. We haue receiu'd your Letters, full of Loue;
Your Fauours, the Ambaſſadors of Loue.
And in our maiden counſaile rated them,
At courtſhip, pleaſant, ieſt, and curteſie,
As bumbaſt and as lining to the time,
But more deuout then theſe are our reſpects
Haue we not beene, and therefore met your loues
In their owne faſhion, like a merriment.
Du. Our Letters Madam, ſhew'd much more then ieſt.
Lon. So did our lookes.
Roſa. We did not coat them ſo.
Kin. Now at the lateſt minute of the houre,
Grant vs your loues.
Qu. A time me thinkes too ſhort,
To make a world-without-end bargaine in;
No, no my Lord your grace is periur'd much;
Full of deare guiltineſſe, and therefore this:
If for my Loue (as there is no ſuch cauſe)
You will doe ought, this ſhall you doe for me.
Your oath I will not truſt: but goe with ſpeed
To ſome forlorne and naked Hermitage
Remote from all the pleaſures of the world:
There ſtay, vntill the twelue Celeſtiall Signes
Haue brought about their annuall reckoning.
If this auſtere inſociable life,
Change not your offer made in heate of blood:
If froſts, and faſts, hard lodging, and thin weeds
Nip not the gaudie bloſſomes of your Loue,

But that it beare this triall, and laſt loue:
Then at the expiration of the yeare,
Come challenge me, challenge me by theſe deſerts,
And by this Virgin Palme, now kiſſing thine,
I will be thine: and till that inſtant ſhut
My wofull ſelfe vp in a mourning houſe,
Raining the teares of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my Fathers death,
If this thou doe denie, let our hands part,
Neither intitled in the others heart.
Kin. If this, or more then this I would denie.
To flatter vp theſe powers of mine with reſt,
The ſodaine hand of death cloſe vp mine eye,
Hence euer then, my heart is in thy breſt.
Ber. And what to me my Loue? and what to me?
Roſe. You muſt be purged too, your ſins are rack'd.
You are attaint with faults and periurie:
Therefore if you my fauour meane to get,
A twelue moneth ſhall you ſpend, and neuer reſt,
But ſeeke the wearie beds of people ſicke.
Du. But what to me my Loue? but what to me?
Kat. A wife? a beard, faire health, and honeſtie,
With three-fold loue, I wiſh you all theſe three.
Du. O ſhall I ſay, I thanke you gentle wife?
Kat. Not ſo my Lord, a twelue moneth and a day,
Ile marke no words that ſmoothfac'd wooers ſay.
Come when the King doth to my Ladie come:
Then if I haue much loue, Ile giue you ſome.
Dum. Ile ſerue thee true and faithfully till then.
Kath. Yet ſweare not leaſt ye be forſworne agen.
Lon. What ſaies *Maria?*
Mari. At the twelue moneths end,
Ile change my blacke Gowne, for a faithfull friend.
Lon. Ile ſtay with patience: but the time is long.
Mari. The liker you, few taller are ſo yong.
Ber. Studies my Lady? Miſtreſſe, looke on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye:
What humble ſuite attends thy anſwere there,
Impoſe ſome ſeruice on me for my loue

Roſ. Oft haue I heard of you my Lord *Berowne*,
Before I ſaw you, and the worlds large tongue
Proclaimes you for a man repleate with mockes,
Full of compariſons, and wounding floutes:
Which you on all eſtates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit,
To weed this Wormewood from your fruitfull braine,
And therewithall to win me, if you pleaſe,
Without the which I am not to be won:
You ſhall this twelmoneth terme from day to day,
Viſite the ſpeechleſſe ſicke, and ſtill conuerſe
With groaning wretches: and your taske ſhall be,
With all the fierce endeuour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to ſmile.
Ber. To moue wilde laughter in the throate of death?
It cannot be, it is impoſſible.
Mirth cannot moue a ſoule in agony.
Roſ. Why that's the way to choake a gibing ſpirit,
Whoſe influence is begot of that looſe grace,
Which ſhallow laughing hearers giue to fooles:
A ieſts proſperitie lies in the eare
Of him that heares it, neuer in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if ſickly eares,
Deaft with the clamors of their owne deare groanes,
Will heare your idle ſcornes; continue then,
And I will haue you, and that fault withall.
But if they will not, throw away that ſpirit,
And I ſhall finde you empties of that fault,
Right ioyfull of your reformation.
Ber. A twelue moneth? Well: befall what will befall,
Ile ieſt a twelue moneth in an Hoſpitall.
Qu. I ſweet my Lord, and ſo I take my leaue.
King. No Madam, we will bring you on your way.
Ber. Our wooing doth not end like an old Play:
Iacke hath not Gill: theſe Ladies curteſie
Might well haue made our ſport a Comedie.
Kin. Come ſir, it wants a twelue moneth and a day,
And then 'twill end.
Ber. That's too long for a play.

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Sweet Maieſtie vouchſafe me.
Qu. Was that Hector?
Dum. The worthie Knight of Troy.
Brag. I will kiſſe thy royall finger, and take leaue.
I am a Votarie, I haue vow'd to *Iaquenetta* to hold the Plough for her ſweet loue three yeares. But moſt eſteemed greatneſſe, will you heare the Dialogue that the two Learned men haue compiled, in praiſe of the Owle and the Cuckow? It ſhould haue followed in the end of our ſhew.
Kin. Call them forth quickely, we will doe ſo.
Brag. Holla, approach.

Enter all.

This ſide is *Hiems*, Winter.
This *Ver*, the Spring: the one maintained by the Owle,
Th'other by the Cuckow.
Ver, begin.

The Song.

When Daſies pied, and Violets blew,
And Cuckow-buds of yellow hew:
And Ladie-ſmockes all ſiluer-white,
Doe paint the Medowes with delight,
The Cuckow then on euery tree,
Mockes married men, for thus ſings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Vnpleaſing to a married eare.

When Shepheards pipe on Oaten ſtrawes,
And merrie Larkes are Ploughmens clockes:
When Turtles tread, and Rookes and Dawes,
And Maidens bleach their ſummer Smockes:
The Cuckow then on euery tree
Mockes married men; for thus ſings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Vnpleaſing to a married eare.

Winter.

When Iſicles hang by the wall,
And Dicke the Shepheard blowes his naile;
And Tom beares Logges into the hall,
And Milke comes frozen home in paile:
When blood is nipt, and waies be fowle,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring Owle
Tu-whit to-who.
A merrie note,
While greaſie Ione doth keele the pot.

When all aloud the winde doth blow,
And coſſing drownes the Parſons ſaw:
And birds ſit brooding in the ſnow,
And Marrians noſe lookes red and raw:
When roaſted Crabs hiſſe in the bowle,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring Owle,
Tu-whit to-who:
A merrie note.
While greaſie Ione doth keele the pot.

Brag. The words of Mercurie,
Are harſh after the ſongs of Apollo:
You that way; we this way.

Exunt omnes.

FINIS.

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND

NATIONAL LIBRARY
OF SCOTLAND

The Bute Collection
of English Plays

Purchased from
Major Michael Crichton-Stuart
of Falkland
3rd April 1956

With the Help of the Pilgrim Trust
and the Friends of the
National Libraries

Bute 491